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THE
P O E T I C A L
W O R K S

O F
ALEXANDER POPE, Esq.

VOLUME IV.

CONTAINING THE
D U N C I A D,

I N
F O U R B O O K S.

G L A S G O W:
PRINTED BY ROBERT AND ANDREW FOULIS,
PRINTERS TO THE UNIVERSITY,
M.DCC.LXXIII.

THE

POETICAL
WORKS



ALEXANDER, Esq.

VOLUME IV.

CONTAINING THE

DUNGLAID

IN

FOUR BOOKS.

GLASGOW

PRINTED BY ROBERT AND ANDREW LEITCH,

PRINTERS TO THE UNIVERSITY,

MDCCLXXIII.

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THE
D U N C I A D,
IN
F O U R B O O K S.

VOL. IV.

A

†

LETTER

TO THE

PUBLISHERS

OF THE

EDITION OF THE DUNOON

IT is with pleasure I hear, that you have procured a correct copy of the DUNOON, which the many interrogations once have rendered to me necessary, and it is yet with more, that I am informed it will be attended with a Commentary. A *Wish* is repeated, that I should think the Author himself would have omitted it, had he approved of the last appearance of this Poem.

Such Notice as I am permitted to send herewith, I send you, and I beg, on perusing them, amongst their number, of which I transmit to you by express, I have sent the Author's friends, and even the public, to be paged by humanity, to take some notice of an O-

A
L E T T E R
T O T H E
P U B L I S H E R,

Occasioned by the first correct
EDITION OF THE DUNCIAD.

IT is with pleasure I hear, that you have procured a correct copy of the DUNCIAD, which the many surreptitious ones have rendered so necessary; and it is yet with more, that I am informed it will be attended with a COMMENTARY: A Work so requisite, that I cannot think the Author himself would have omitted it, had he approved of the first appearance of this Poem.

Such Notes as have occurred to me I herewith send you: You will oblige me by inserting them amongst those which are, or will be, transmitted to you by others; since not only the Author's friends, but even strangers, appear engaged by humanity, to take some care of an Or-

phan of so much genius and spirit, which its parent seems to have abandoned from the very beginning, and suffered to step into the world naked, unguarded, and unattended.

It was upon reading some of the abusive papers lately published, that my great regard to a Person, whose Friendship I esteem as one of the chief honours of my life, and a much greater respect to Truth, than to him or any man living, engaged me in enquiries, of which the enclosed Notes are the fruit.

I perceived, that most of these Authors had been (doubtless very wisely) the first aggressors. They had tried, 'till they were weary, what was to be got by railing at each other: Nobody was either concerned or surprized, if this or that scribbler was proved a dunce. But every one was curious to read what could be said to prove Mr. POPE one, and was ready to pay something for such a discovery: A stratagem, which would they fairly own, it might not only reconcile them to me, but screen them from the resentment of their lawful Superiors, whom they daily abuse, only (as I charitably hope) to get that *by* them, which they cannot get *from* them.

I found this was not all: Ill success in that had transported them to Personal abuse, either of himself, or (what I think he could less for-

TO THE PUBLISHER. v

give) of his Friends. They had called Men of virtue and honour bad Men, long before he had either leisure or inclination to call them bad writers : And some had been such old offenders, that he had quite forgotten their persons as well as their slanders, 'till they were pleased to revive them.

Now what had Mr. POPE done before, to incense them ? He had published those works which are in the hands of every body, in which not the least mention is made of any of them. And what has he done since ? He has laughed, and written the DUNCIAD. What has that said of them ? A very serious truth, which the public had said before, that they were dull : And what it had no sooner said, but they themselves were at great pains to procure, or even purchase room in the prints, to testify under their hands to the truth of it.

I should still have been silent, if either I had seen any inclination in my friend to be serious with such accusers, or if they had only meddled with his Writings ; since whoever publishes, puts himself on his trial by his Country. But when his Moral Character was attacked, and in a manner from which neither truth nor virtue can secure the most innocent ; in a manner, which, though it annihilates the credit of

the accusation with the just and impartial, yet aggravates very much the guilt of the accusers; I mean by Authors *without names*; then I thought, since the danger was common to all, the concern ought to be so; and that it was an act of justice to detect the Authors, not only on this account, but as many of them are the same who for several years past have made free with the greatest names in Church and State, exposed to the world the private misfortunes of Families, abused all, even to women, and whose prostituted papers (for one or other Party, in the unhappy divisions of their Country) have insulted the Fallen, the Friendless, the Exil'd, and the Dead.

Besides this, which I take to be a public concern, I have already confessed I had a private one. I am one of that number who have long loved and esteemed Mr. POPE; and had often declared it was not his capacity or writings, (which we ever thought the least valuable part of his character) but the honest, open, and beneficent man, that we most esteemed, and loved in him. Now, if what these people say were believed, I must appear to all my friends either a fool, or a knave; either imposed on myself, or imposing on them; so that I am as much interested in the confutation of these calumnies, as he is himself.

I am no Author, and consequently not to be suspected either of jealousy or resentment against any of the Men, of whom scarce one is known to me by sight; and as for their Writings, I have sought them (on this one occasion) in vain, in the closets and libraries of all my acquaintance. I had still been in the dark, if a Gentleman had not procured me (I suppose from some of themselves, for they are generally much more dangerous friends than enemies) the passages I send you. I solemnly protest I have added nothing to the malice or absurdity of them; which it behoves me to declare, since the vouchers themselves will be so soon and so irrecoverably lost. You may in some measure prevent it, by preserving at least their Titles, and discovering (as far as you can depend on the truth of your information) the Names of the concealed authors.

The first objection I have heard made to the Poem is, that the persons are too *obscure* for satire. The persons themselves, rather than allow the objection, would forgive the satire; and if one could be tempted to afford it a serious answer, were not all assassins, popular insurrections, the insolence of the rabble without doors, and of domestics within, most wrongfully chastised, if the Meanness of offenders indem-

nified them from punishment? On the contrary, Obscurity renders them more dangerous, as less thought of: Law can pronounce judgment only on open facts: Morality alone can pass censure on intentions of Mischief; so that for secret calumny, or the arrow flying in the dark, there is no public punishment left, but what a good Writer inflicts.

The next objection is, that these sort of authors are *poor*. That might be pleaded as an excuse at the Old-Baily, for lesser crimes than Defamation, (for 'tis the case of almost all who are tried there) but sure it can be none here: For who will pretend that the robbing another of his Reputation supplies the want of it in himself? I question not but such authors are poor, and heartily wish the objection were removed by any honest livelihood. But Poverty is here the accident, not the subject: He who describes Malice and Villany to be pale and meagre, expresses not the least anger against Paleness or Leanness, but against Malice and Villany. The Apothecary in Romeo and Juliet is poor; but is he therefore justified in vending poison? Not but Poverty itself becomes a just subject of satire, when it is the consequence of vice, prodigality, or neglect of one's lawful calling; for then it increases the public burden, fills the

streets and highways with Robbers, and the Garrets with Clippers, Coiners, and Weekly Journalists.

But admitting that two or three of these offend less in their morals, than in their writings; must Poverty make nonsense sacred? If so, the fame of bad authors would be much better consulted than that of all the good ones in the world; and not one of an hundred had ever been called by his right name.

They mistake the whole matter: It is not charity to encourage them in the way they follow, but to get them out of it; for men are not bunglers because they are poor, but they are poor because they are bunglers.

Is it not pleasant enough, to hear our authors crying out on the one hand, as if their persons and characters were too sacred for satire; and the public objecting on the other, that they are too mean even for ridicule? But whether Bread or Fame be their end, it must be allowed, our author, by and in this Poem, has mercifully given them a little of both.

There are two or three, who by their rank and fortune have no benefit from the former objections, supposing them good, and these I was sorry to see in such company. But if, without any provocation, two or three Gentlemen will

fall upon one, in an affair wherein his interest and reputation are equally embarked; they cannot certainly, after they have been content to print themselves his enemies, complain of being put into the number of them.

Others, I am told, pretend to have been once his Friends. Surely they are their enemies who say so, since nothing can be more odious than to treat a friend as they have done. But of this I cannot persuade myself, when I consider the constant and eternal aversion of all bad writers to a good one.

Such as claim a merit from being his Admirers, I would gladly ask, if it lays him under a personal obligation? At that rate he would be the most obliged humble servant in the world. I dare swear for these in particular, he never desired them to be his Admirers, nor promised in return to be theirs: That had truly been a sign he was of their acquaintance; but would not the malicious world have suspected such an Approbation of some motive worse than ignorance, in the author of the Essay on Criticism? Be it as it will, the reasons of their Admiration and of his Contempt are equally subsisting, for his works and theirs are the very same that they were.

One, therefore, of their assertions I believe may be true, "That he has a contempt for their writings." And there is another, which would probably be sooner allowed by himself than by any good judge beside, "That his own have once found too much success with the public." But as it cannot consist with his modesty to claim this as a Justice, it lies not on him, but entirely on the public, to defend its own judgment.

There remains what in my opinion might seem a better plea for these people, than any they have made use of. If Obscurity or Poverty were to exempt a man from satire, much more should Folly or Dulness, which are still more involuntary : nay, as much so as personal Deformity. But even this will not help them : Deformity becomes an object of Ridicule when a man sets up for being handsome ; and so must Dulness when he sets up for a Wit. They are not ridiculed because ridicule in itself is, or ought to be, a pleasure ; but because it is just to undeceive and vindicate the honest and unpretending part of mankind from imposition, because particular interest ought to yield to general, and a great number who are not naturally Fools, ought never to be made so, in complaisance to a few who are. Accordingly we find that in all ages, all vain pretenders, were

they ever so poor or ever so dull, have been constantly the topics of the most candid satirists from the Codrus of JUVENAL to the Dame of BOILEAU.

Having mentioned BOILEAU, the greatest Poet and most judicious Critic of his age and country, admirable for his Talents, and yet perhaps more admirable for his judgment in the proper application of them; I cannot help remarking the resemblance betwixt him and our author in Qualities, Fame, and Fortune; in the distinctions shewn them by their Superiors, in the general esteem of their Equals, and in their extended reputation amongst Foreigners; in the latter of which ours has met with the better fate, as he has had for his Translators persons of the most eminent rank and abilities in the respective nations*. But the resemblance holds

* Essay on Criticism in French verse, by General Hamilton; the same, in verse also, by Monsieur Robertson, Counsellor and Privy Secretary to K. George II. after by the Abbé Reynel, in verse, with notes. Rapin of the Lock, in French, by the Princess of Conti, Paris 1728, and in Italian verse, by the Abbe Conti, a Noble Venetian; and by the Marquis Rangoni, Envoy extraordinary from Modena to King George II. Others of his works by Salvini of Florence, &c. His Essays and

TO THE PUBLISHER. xiii

in nothing more, than in their being equally abused by the ignorant pretenders to Poetry of their times; of which not the least memory will remain but in their own Writings, and in the Notes made upon them. What BOILEAU has done in almost all his Poems, our author has only in this: I dare answer for him he will do it in no more; and on this principle, of attacking few but who had slandered him, he could not have done it at all, had he been confined from censuring obscure and worthless persons, for scarce any other were his enemies. However, as the parity is so remarkable, I hope it will continue to the last; and if ever he should give us an edition of this Poem himself, I may see some of them treated as gently, on their repentance or better merit, as Perrault and Quinault were at last by BOILEAU.

In one point I must be allowed to think the character of our English Poet the more amiable. He has not been a follower of Fortune or Success; he has lived with the Great without flattery; been a friend to men in power, without

Dissertations on Homer, several times translated into French. Essay on Man, by the Abbé Reynel, in verse; by Monsieur Silhouette, in prose, 1737, and since by others in French, Italian, and Latin.

pensions, from whom, as he asked, so he received, no favour, but what was done Him in his Friends. As his Satires were the more just for being delayed, so were his Panegyrics; bestowed only on such persons as he had familiarly known, only for such virtues as he had long observed in them, and only at such times as others cease to praise, if not begin to calumniate them. I mean when out of power or out of fashion. A satire, therefore, on writers so notorious for the contrary practice, became no man so well as himself; as none, it is plain, was so little in their friendships, or so much in that of those whom they had most abused, namely the Greatest and Best of all Parties. Let me add a further reason, that, though engaged in their Friendships, he never espoused their Animosities; and could almost singly challenge this honour, not to have written a line of any man, which, through Guilt, through Shame, or through Fear, through va-

* As Mr. Wycherley, at the time the Town de-
 claimed against his book of Poems; Mr. Walsh, after
 his death; Sir William Trumbull, when he had resign-
 ed the office of Secretary of State; Lord Bolingbroke
 at his leaving England, after the Queen's death; Lord
 Oxford in his last decline of life; Mr. Secretary
 Craggs, at the end of the South-sea year, and after
 his death: Others only in Epitaphs.

variety of Fortune, or change of Interests, he was
in never unwilling to own.

I shall conclude with remarking what a plea-
sure it must be to every reader of Humanity,
to see all along, that our Author in his very
laughter is not indulging his own ill nature, but
only punishing that of others. As to his Poem,
those alone are capable of doing it justice, who,
to use the words of a great writer, know how
hard it is (with regard both to his subject and
his manner) *VETUSTIS DARE NOVITATEM,*
OBSOLETTIS NITOREM, OBSCURIS LUCEM,
FASTIDITIS GRATIAM.

I am

Your most humble servant,

ST. JAMES'S,
Dec. 22. 1728.

WILLIAM CLELAND.*

* This Gentleman was of Scotland, and bred at
the University of Utrecht, with the Earl of Marr. He
served in Spain under Earl Rivers. After the Peace,
he was made one of the Commissioners of the Cus-
toms in Scotland, and then of Taxes in England;
in which, having shewn himself for twenty years dili-
gent, punctual, and incorruptible, (though without

any other assistance of Fortune) he was suddenly displaced by the Minister, in the sixty-eighth year of his age; and died two months after, in 1741. He was a person of Universal Learning, and an enlarged Conversation; no man had a warmer heart for his Friend, or a sincerer attachment to the Constitution of his Country.

DENNIS, Remarks on PR. ARTHUR.

I Cannot but think it the most *reasonable* thing in the world, to distinguish good writers, by discouraging the bad. Nor is it an *ill-natured* thing, in relation even to the very *persons* upon whom the reflections are made. It is true, it may deprive them, a little the sooner, of a *short profit* and a *transitory reputation*; but then it may have a good effect, and oblige them (before it be too late) to decline that for which they are so very *unfit*, and to have recourse to *something* in which they may be more successful.

CHARACTER of Mr. P. 1716.

THE *Persons* whom Boileau has attacked in his writings, have been for the most part *Authors*, and most of those *Authors*, *Poets*: and the censures he hath passed upon them have been confirmed by all Europe.

GILDON, Pref. to his NEW REHEARSAL.

IT is the common cry of the *Poetasters* of the town, and their fautors, that it is an *ill-natured thing* to expose the *Pretenders* to wit and poetry. The Judges and Magistrates may with full as good reason be reproached with *Ill-nature* for putting the Laws in execution against

a Thief or Impostor.—The same will hold in the republic of Letters, if the Critics and Judges will let every *ignorant pretender* to scribbling pass on the World.

THEOBALD, Letter to Mist, June 22, 1728.

ATTACKS may be levelled, either against *Failures in Genius*, or against the *Pretensions of writing without one*.

CONCANEN, Dedication to the Author of the
DUNCIAD.

A *Satire upon Dulness* is a thing that has been used and allowed in *All Ages*.

*Out of thins own Mouth will I judge thee,
wicked Scribbler!*

MARTINUS SCRIBLERUS

of the POEM.

THIS poem, as it celebrateth the most grave and ancient of things, Chaos, Night, and Dulness; so is it of the most grave and antient kind. Homer (saith Aristotle) was the first who gave the *Form*, and (saith Horace) who adapted the *Measure*, to heroic poesy. But even before this, may be rationally presumed from what the Antients have left written, was a Piece by Homer composed, of like nature and matter with this of our Poet. For of Epic sort it appeareth to have been, yet of matter surely not unpleasant, witness what is reported of it by the learned archbishop Eustathius, in *Odyss. x.* And accordingly Aristotle, in his *Poetic*, chap. iv. doth further set forth, that as the *Iliad* and *Odyssy* gave example to Tragedy, so did this poem to Comedy its first idea.

From these authors also it should seem, that the Hero, or chief personage of it was no less *obscure*, and his understanding and sentiments no less quaint and strange (if indeed not more so) than any of the actors of our poem. **MARGITES** was the name of this personage, whom Antiquity recordeth to have been *Dunce the first*; and surely from what we hear of him, not un-

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worthy to be the root of so spreading a tree, and so numerous a posterity. The poem therefore celebrating him was properly and absolutely a *Dunciad*; which though now unhappily lost, yet is its nature sufficiently known by the infallible tokens aforesaid. And thus it doth appear, that the first *Dunciad* was the first Epic poem, written by Homer himself, and anterior even to the *Iliad* or *Odyssæy*.

Now, forasmuch as our poet hath translated those two famous works of Homer which are yet left, he did conceive it in some sort his duty to imitate that also which was lost: and was therefore induced to bestow on it the same form which Homer's is reported to have had, namely that of Epic poem; with a title also framed after the antient Greek manner, to wit, that of *Dunciad*.

Wonderful it is, that so few of the moderns have been stimulated to attempt some *Dunciad*; since in the opinion of the multitude, it might cost less pain and oil than an imitation of the greater Epic. But possible it is also, that, on due reflection, the maker may find it easier to paint a Charlemagne, a Brute, or a Godfrey, with just pomp and dignity heroic, than a Margites, a Codrus, or a Fleckno.

We shall next declare the occasion and the

cause which moved our poet to this particular work. He lived in those days, when (after Providence had permitted the invention of Printing as a scourge for the sins of the learned) Paper also became so cheap, and Printers so numerous, that a deluge of authors covered the land: Whereby not only the Peace of the honest unwriting subject was daily molested, but unmerciful demands were made of his applause, yea of his money, by such as would neither earn the one, nor deserve the other. At the same time, the licence of the Press was such, that it grew dangerous to refuse them either: for they would forthwith publish slanders unpunished, the authors being anonymous, and skulking under the wings of publishers, a set of men who never scrupled to vend either Calumny or Blasphemy, as long as the Town would call for it.

* Now our author, living in those times, did conceive it an endeavour well worthy an honest Satirist, to dissuade the dull, and punish the wicked, *the only way that was left*. In that public-spirited view he laid the plan of this poem, as the greatest service he was capable (without much hurt, or being slain) to render his dear country. First, taking things from their origi-

* Vide Bossu, Du Poeme Epique, chap. viii.

nal, he considereth the causes creative of such Authors, namely *Dulness* and *Poverty*; the one born with them, the other contracted by neglect of their proper talents, through self-conceit of greater abilities. This truth he wrappeth in an *Allegory* ¹ (as the construction of Epic poesy requireth) and feigns that one of these Goddeses had taken up her abode with the other, and that they jointly inspired all such writers and such works. ² He proceedeth to shew the *qualities* they bestow on these authors, and the *effects* they produce ³: then the *materials*, or *stock*, with which they furnish them ⁴; and (above all) that *self-opinion* ⁵ which causeth it to seem to themselves vastly greater than it is, and is the prime motive of their setting up in this sad and sorry merchandise. The great power of these Goddeses acting in alliance (whereof as the one is the mother of Industry, so is the other of Plodding) was to be exemplified in some *one, great, and remarkable Action* ⁶: And none could be more so than that which our poet hath chosen; viz. the restoration of the reign of Chaos and Night, by the ministry of Dulness their daughter, in

¹ Boffu, chap. vii.

² Book I. ver. 32, &c.

³ Ver. 45 to 54.

⁴ Ver. 57 to 77.

⁵ Ver. 80.

⁶ Ibid. chap. vii. viii.

the removal of her imperial seat from the City to the polite World; as the Action of the *Æneid* is the restoration of the empire of Troy, by the removal of the race from thence to Latium. But as Homer singing only the *Wrath* of Achilles, yet includes in his Poem the whole history of the Trojan war; in like manner our author hath drawn into this *single Action* the whole history of Dulness and her children.

A *Person* must next be fixed upon to support this Action. This *Phantom* in the Poet's mind must have a *Name*⁷: He finds it to be — ; and he becomes of course the Hero of the poem.

The *Fable* being thus, according to the best example, one and entire, as contained in the Proposition; the *Machinery* is a continued chain of Allegories setting forth the whole Power, Ministry, and empire of Dulness, extended thro' her subordinate instruments, in all her various operations.

This is branched into *Episodes*, each of which hath its Moral apart, though all conducive to the main end. The Crowd assembled in the second book, demonstrates the design to be more extensive than to bad poets only, and that we

⁷ Bossu, chap. viii. Vide Aristot. Poetic. cap. ix.

may expect other Episodes of the Patrons, Encouragers, or Paymasters of such authors, on occasion shall bring them forth. And the third book, if well considered, seemeth to embrace the whole World. Each of the Games relateth to some or other vile class of writers: The first concerneth the Plagiary, to whom he giveth the name of More; the second the libellous Novelist, whom he stileth Eliza; the third, the flattering Dedicator; the fourth, the bawling Comic, or noisy Poet; the fifth, the dark and dim Party-writer; and so of the rest: assigning to each some *proper name* or other, such as he could find.

As for the *Characters*, the public hath already acknowledged how justly they are drawn: Their manners are so depicted, and the sentiments so peculiar to those to whom applied, that surely to transfer them to any other or wiser personage would be exceeding difficult: And certain it is, that every person concerned, being consulted on that part, hath readily owned the resemblance of every portrait, his own excepted. So Mr. Cibber calls them, “a parcel of *poor wretches*,” “many *silly flies*”: but adds, our Author’s Words “is remarkably more bare and barren, when

¹ Cibber’s Letter to Mr. P. p. 9, 12, 41.

For ever it would fall foul on *Gibber*, than upon any other Person whatever."

The *Descriptions* are singular, the *Comparisons* very quaint, the *Narration* various, yet of one colour: The purity and chastity of *Diction* is so preserved, that in the places most suspicious, not the *words* but only the *images* have been censured, and yet are those images no other than have been sanctified by antient and classical Authority (though, as was the manner of those good times, not so curiously wrapped up) yea, and commented upon by the most grave Doctors, and approved Critics.

As it beareth the name of *Epic*, it is therefore by subjected to such severe indispensable rules as are laid on all Neoterics, a strict imitation of the Antients; insomuch that any deviation, accompanied with whatever poetic beauties, hath always been censured by the sound Critic. How exact that Imitation hath been in this piece, appeareth not only by its general structure, but by particular allusions infinite, many whereof have escaped both the commentator and poet himself; yea divers by his exceeding diligence are so altered and interwoven with the rest, that several have already been, and more will be, by the ignorant abused, as altogether and originally his own.

In a word, the whole poem proveth itself to be the work of our Author when his faculties were in full vigour and perfection; at that exact time when years have ripened the Judgment without diminishing the Imagination: which, by good Critics, is held to be punctually at forty. For at that season it was that Virgil finished his *Georgics*; and Sir Richard Blackmore at the like age composing his *Arthurs*, declared the same to be the very *Acme* and pitch of life for Epic poesy: Though since he hath altered it to *sixty*, the year in which he published his *Alfred*. True it is, that the talents for *Criticism*, namely smartness, quick censure, vivacity of remark, certainty of asseveration, indeed all but acerbity, seem rather the gifts of Youth than of ripe Age: But it is far otherwise in *Poetry*; witness the works of Mr. Rymer and Mr. Dennis, who beginning with Criticism, became afterwards such Poets as no age hath paralleled. With good reason therefore did our author chuse to write his Essay on that subject at twenty, and refer for his maturer years this great and wonderful work of the *Dunciad*.

* See his Essays.

T E S T I M O N I E S O F A U T H O R S

C O N C E R N I N G

Our POET and his WORKS.

M. SCRIBLERUS Lectori S.

BEFORE we present thee with our exercitations on this most delectable Poem (drawn from the many volumes of our Adversaria on modern Authors) we shall here, according to the laudable usage of editors, collect the various judgments of the Learned concerning our Poet: Various indeed, not only of different Authors, but of the same author at different seasons. Nor shall we gather only the Testimonies of such eminent Wits, as would of course descend to Posterity, and consequently be read without our collection; but we shall likewise with incredible labour seek out for divers others, which, but for this our diligence, could never at the distance of a few months appear to the eye of the most curious. Hereby thou may'st not only receive the delectation of variety, but also arrive at a more certain judgment, by a grave and circumspect comparison of the Witnesses with each other, or of

each with himself. Hence also thou wilt be enabled to draw reflections, not only of a critical, but a moral nature, by being let into many particulars of the Person as well as Genius, and of the fortune as well as merit, of our Author: in which if I relate some things of little concern peradventure to thee, and some of as little even to him; I entreat thee to consider how minutely all true Critics and commentators are wont to insist upon such, and how material they seem to themselves, if to none other. Forgive me gentle reader, if (following learned example) I ever and anon become tedious: allow me to take the same pains to find whether my author were good or bad, well or ill-natured, modest or arrogant; as another whether his author was fair or brown, short or tall, whether he wore a coat or a cassock.

We proposed to begin with his life, Parentage, and Education: But as to these, even his contemporaries do exceedingly differ. One saith ¹, he was educated at home; another ², that he was bred at St. Omer's, by Jesuits; a third ³, not at St. Omer's, but at Oxford; a fourth ⁴, that he had no University education at all. Those who allow him to be bred at home, differ much concerning his Tutor: One saith ⁵, he was kept by his father on purpose; a second ⁶, that he was

¹ Giles Jacob's Lives of the Poets, vol. ii. in his Life. ² Dennis's Reflections on the Essay of Criticism.

³ Dunciad dissected, p. 4.

⁴ Guardian, No. 40.

⁵ Jacob's Lives, &c. vol. ii.

⁶ Dunciad dissected, p. 4.

itinerant priest; a third ⁷, that he was a parson; one ⁸, calleth him a secular clergyman of the Church of Rome; another ⁹, a monk. As little do they agree about his Father, whom one ¹ supposeth, like the Father of Hesiod, a tradesman or merchant; another ², a husbandman; another ³, a hatter, &c. Nor has an author been wanting to give our Poet such a father as Apuleius hath to Plato, Jamblichus to Pythagoras, and divers to Homer, namely a Daemon: For thus Mr. Gildon ⁴: 'Certain it is, that his original is not from Adam, but the Devil; and that he wanteth nothing but horns and tail to be the exact resemblance of his infernal Father.' Finding, therefore, such contrariety of opinions, and (whatever be ours of this sort of generation) not being fond to enter into controversy, we shall defer writing the life of our Poet, 'till authors can determine among themselves what

⁷ Farmer P. and his son. ⁸ Dunciad dissected.
⁹ Characters of the times, p. 45. ¹ Female Dunciad, p. ult. ² Dunciad dissected. ³ Roome, Paraphrase on the iv. of Genesis, printed 1729. ⁴ Character of Mr. P. and his writings, in a Letter to a Friend, printed for S. Popping, 1716, p. 10. Curl, in his Key to the Dunciad (first edit. said to be printed for A. Dodd) in the 10th page, declared Gildon to be the Author of that libel; and tho' in the subsequent editions of his Key he left out this assertion, and affirmed (in the Curliad, p. 4. and 8.) that it was written by Dennis only.

Parents or Education he had, or whether he had no Education or Parents at all.

Proceed we to what is more certain; his Works tho' not less uncertain the judgments concerning them beginning with his *Essay on Criticism*, of which we hear first the most antient of Critics,

MR. JOHN DENNIS.

His precepts are false or trivial, or both; his thoughts are crude and abortive, his expressions absurd, his numbers harsh and unmusical, his rhyme trivial and common;—instead of majesty, we have something that is very mean; instead of gravity something that is very boyish; and instead of perspicuity and lucid order, we have but too often obscurity and confusion.' And in another place: "Where *rare numbers* are here! Would not one swear that this youngster had espoused some antiquated mulier who had sued out a divorce from some superannuated sinner, upon account of impotence, and who, being poxed by the former spouse, has got the gout in her decrepid age, which makes her *hobble so damnable*."

No less peremptory is the censure of our hypercritical historian.

MR. OLDMIXON.

'I dare not say any thing of the *Essay on Criticism*.'

Reflections critical and satirical on a Rhapsody called, an *Essay on Criticism*. Printed for Bernard Lintot, octavo.

in verse; but if any more curious reader has discovered in it something *new* which is not in Dryden's preface, dedications, and his essay on dramatic poetry, not to mention the French critics, I should be very glad to have the benefit of the discovery¹.

He is followed (as in fame, so in judgment) by the modest and simple-minded

MR. LEONARD WELSTED,

Who, out of great respect to our poet not naming him, doth yet glance at his Essay, together with the Duke of Buckingham's, and the Criticisms of Dryden, and of Horace, which he more openly taxeth²: 'As to the numerous treatises, essays, arts, &c. both in verse and prose, that have been written by the moderns on this ground-work, they do but *hackney the same thoughts over again*, making them still more *trite*. Most of their pieces are nothing but a pert, insipid heap of *common place*. Horace has even in his Art of Poetry thrown out several things which plainly shew, he thought an Art of Poetry was of no use, even while he was writing one.'

To all which great authorities, we can only oppose that of

MR. ADDISON.

³ The Art of Criticism (saith he) which was pu-

¹ Essay on Criticism in prose, octavo, 1728, by the author of the Critical History of England.

² Preface to his Poems, p. 18, 53.

³ Spectator, N^o 253.

' blished some months since, is a master-piece in
 ' kind. The observations follow one another like the
 ' in Horace's Art of Poetry, without that methodical
 ' regularity which would have been requisite in a poetical
 ' writer. They are some of them *uncommon*, but such
 ' as the reader must assent to, when he sees them ex-
 ' plained with that ease and perspicuity in which they
 ' are delivered. As for those which are the *most known*
 ' and the *most receiv'd*, they are placed in so beauti-
 ' ful a light, and illustrated with such apt allusions
 ' that they have in them all the graces of novelty
 ' and make the reader, who was before acquainted
 ' with them, still more convinced of their truth
 ' and solidity. And here give me leave to mention
 ' what Monsieur Boileau has so well enlarged upon in
 ' the preface to his works: That wit and fine writing
 ' doth not consist so much in advancing things that
 ' are new, as in giving things that are known an-
 ' agreeable turn. It is impossible for us who live in the
 ' later ages of the world, to make observations in cri-
 ' ticism, morality, or any art or science, which have
 ' not been touch'd upon by others; we have little
 ' else left us, but to represent the common sense of
 ' mankind in more strong, more beautiful, or more
 ' uncommon lights. If a reader examines Horace's
 ' Art of Poetry, he will find but few precepts in it
 ' which he may not meet with in Aristotle, and
 ' which were not commonly known by all the poets
 ' of the Augustan age. His way of expressing, and
 ' applying them, not his invention of them, is what
 ' we are chiefly to admire.

Longinus, in his Reflections, has given us the same kind of sublime, which he observes in the several passages that occasioned them: I cannot but take notice that our English author has after the same manner exemplified several of the precepts in the very precepts themselves.¹ He then produces some instances of a particular beauty in the numbers, and concludes with saying, that 'there are three poems in our tongue of the same nature, and each a master-piece in its kind: The Essay on Translated Verse; the Essay on the Art of Poetry; and the Essay on Criticism.'

OF WINDSOR-FOREST, positive is the judgment of the affirmative

Mr. JOHN DENNIS.

'That it is a wretched rhapsody, impudently writ in emulation of the Cooper's Hill of Sir John Denham: the author of it is obscure, is ambiguous, is affected, is temerarious, is barbarous².'

But the author of the Dispensary,

Dr. GARTH,

in the preface to his poem of Claremont, differs from this opinion: 'Those who have seen those two excellent poems of Cooper's Hill, and Windsor-Forest, the one written by Sir John Denham, the other by Mr. Pope, will shew a great deal of candor if they approve of this.'

¹ Letter to B. B. at the end of the Remarks on Pope's Homer, 1717. ² Printed 1728, p. 12.

Of the Epistle of ELOISA, we are told by the secure writer of a poem called Sawney, 'That became Prior's Henry and Emma charm'd the finest taste; our author writ his *Eloise in opposition to it*; but he got innocence and virtue: if you take away her tender thoughts, and her fierce desires, all the rest is of no value.' In which, methinks, his judgment resembles that of a French taylor on a villa and garden by the Thames; 'All this is very fine; but take away the river, and it is good for nothing.'

But very contrary hereunto was the opinion of

MR. PRIOR,

himself, saying in his *Alma* ³,

O *Abelard*! ill-fated youth,
Thy tale will justify this truth:
But well I weet, thy cruel wrong
Adorns a nobler Poet's song:
Dan *Pope*, for thy misfortune griev'd,
With kind concern and skill has weav'd
A silken web; and ne'er shall fade
Its colours: gently has he laid
The mantle o'er thy sad distress,
And Venus shall the texture bless, &c.

Come we now to his translation of the *ILIAD*, celebrated by numerous pens, yet shall it suffice to mention the indefatigable

SIR RICHARD BLACKMORE, Kt.

Who (tho' otherwise a severe censurer of our author

³ *Alma*, Cant. 2.

he yet styleth this a laudable translation ⁴. That ready
 writer Mr. OLDMIXON,

in his forementioned Essay, frequently commends the
 same. And the painful

Mr. LEWIS THEOBALD

thus extols it ⁵, 'The spirit of Homer breathes all
 through this translation.—I am in doubt, whether I
 should most admire the justness of the original, or
 the force and beauty of the language, or the found-
 ing variety of the numbers: but when I find all
 these meet, it puts me in mind of what the poet
 says of one of his heroes, That he alone rais'd and
 flung with ease a weighty stone, that two common
 men could not lift from the ground; just so, one
 single person has performed in this translation, what
 I once despaired to have seen done by the force of
 several masterly hands.' Indeed the same gentleman
 appears to have changed his sentiment in his Essay
 on the Art of sinking in reputation, (printed in *Mist's*
Journal, March 30, 1728.) where he says thus: 'In
 order to sink in reputation, let him take it into his
 head to descend into Homer (let the world wonder,
 as it will, how the devil he got there) and pretend
 to do him into English, so his version denote his ne-
 glect of the manner how.' Strange Variation! We
 are told in

MIST'S JOURNAL, June 8.

That this translation of the *Iliad* was not in all re-

⁴ In his *Essays*. vol. 1. printed for E. Curl.

⁵ *Censor*, vol. ii. n. 33.

pects conformable to the fine taste of his friend Addison; infomuch that he employed a *younger muse*, in an undertaking of this kind, which he pervised himself. Whether Mr. Addison did find conformable to his taste, or not, best appears from his own testimony the year following its publication, in these words:

MR. ADDISON, FREEHOLDER, N^o 40.

When I consider myself as a British freeholder, I am in a particular manner pleased with the labours of those who have improved our language with translations of old Greek and Latin authors. We have already most of their Historians in our tongue, and, what is more for the honour of our language, it has been taught to express with elegance the greatest of their poets in each nation. The literature among our own countrymen may learn to judge from Dryden's Virgil of the most perfect performance. And those parts of Homer which have been published already by Mr. Pope, give us reason to think that the Iliad will appear in English with little disadvantage to that immortal poem.

As to the rest, there is a slight mistake, for the *younger muse* was an *elder*: nor was the gentleman (who is a friend of our author) employed by Mr. Addison to translate it *after him*, since he saith himself that he did it *before*¹. Contrariwise that Mr. Addison engaged

¹ Vid. pref. to Mr. Tiekell's translation of the book of the Iliad, 4to.

author in this work appeareth by declaration thereof in the preface to the Iliad, printed sometime before his death, and by his own letters of October 26, and November 2, 1713, where he declares it is his opinion, that no other person was equal to it.

Next comes his Shakespear on the stage: 'Let him quoth one, whom I take to be

Mr. THEOBALD, Mist's Journal, June 8, 1728.) publish such an author as he has least studied, and forget to discharge even the dull duty of an editor. In this project let him lend the bookseller his name (for a competent sum of money) to promote the credit of an exorbitant subscription.' Gentle reader, be pleased to cast thine eye on the *Proposal* below quoted, and on what follows (some months after the former assertion) in the same Journalist of June 8, 'The bookseller proposed the book by subscription, and raised some thousands of pounds for the same: I believe the gentleman did *not* share in the profits of this extravagant subscription.'

'After the Iliad, he undertook (saith

MIST'S JOURNAL, June 8, 1728.) the sequel of that work, the Odyssey; and having secured the success by a numerous subscription, he employed some *underlings* to perform what, according to his proposals, should come from his own hands.' To this heavy charge, we can in truth oppose nothing but the words of

Mr. POPE'S PROPOSAL for the ODYSSEY.

(printed by J. Watts, Jan. 10, 1724.)

'I take this occasion to declare that the subscription

' for Shakespear belongs wholly to Mr. Tonson: and
 ' that the benefit of *this Proposal* is not solely for
 ' own use, but for that of *two of my friends*, who have
 ' *assisted me in this work.*' But these very gentlemen
 extolled above our poet himself in another of Mr.
 Journals, March 30, 1728, saying, 'That he would
 ' advise Mr. Pope to try the experiment again of
 ' ting a great part of a book done by assistants,
 ' those extraneous parts should unhappily ascend
 ' the sublime, and retard the declension of the whole.
 Behold! these *Underlings* are become good writers:

If any say, that before the said Proposals were printed,
 the subscription was begun without declaration of
 such assistance; verily those who set it on foot, or
 (their term is) secured, to wit, the right honourable
 Lord Viscount HARCOURT, were he living, would
 testify, and the right honourable the Lord BATHURST
 now living, doth testify, the same is a falshood.

Sorry I am, that persons professing to be learned
 or of whatever rank of authors, should either fall
 tax, or be falsely taxed. Yet let us, who are only
 porters, be impartial in our citations, and proceed.

MIST's JOURNAL, June 8, 1728.

' Mr. Addison raised this author from obscurity
 ' obtained him the acquaintance and friendship of
 ' *whole body of our nobility*, and transferred his powerful
 ' interests with those great men to this rising bard
 ' who frequently levied by that means unusual contributions
 ' on the public.' Which surely cannot be, as the author of the Dunciad dissected reporteth;
 ' Wycherley had before introduced him into a familiar

diar acquaintance with the *greatest peers and brightest*
forerunners then living.'

'No sooner (saith the same Journalist) was his bo-
 dy lifeless, but this author, reviving his resentment,
 libelled the memory of his departed friend; and what
 was still more heinous, made the scandal public.' Grievous
 the accusation! unknown the accuser! the person accused
 no witness in his own cause; the person, in whose regard
 accused, dead! But if there be living any one nobleman
 whose friendship, yea any one gentleman whose subscrip-
 tion Mr. Addison procured to our author; let him stand forth, that truth may ap-
 pear! *Amicus Plato, amicus Socrates, sed magis amica*
veritas. In verity, the whole story of the libel is a lye;
 witness those persons of integrity, who several years
 before Mr. Addison's decease, did see and approve of
 the said verses, in no wise a libel, but a friendly rebuke
 sent privately in our author's own hand to Mr. Addi-
 son himself, and never made public, 'till after their
 own Journals, and Curl had printed the same. One
 came alone, which I am here authorised to declare,
 will sufficiently evince this truth, that of the right
 honourable the Earl of BURLINGTON.

Next he is taxed with a crime (in the opinion of
 some authors, I doubt, more heinous than any in mo-
 rality) to wit, plagiarism, from the inventive and
 quaint-conceited

JAMES-MOORE SMITH Gent.

'Upon reading the third volume of Pope's Mis-

'Daily Journal, March 18, 1728.

cellaries, I found five lines which I thought excellent: and happening to praise them, a gentleman produced a modern comedy (the Rival Modes) published last year, where were the same verses to a tune. These gentlemen are undoubtedly the first players, that pretend to make a reputation by stealing from a man's works in his own life-time, and our public print. Let us join to this what is written by the author of the Rival Modes, the said Mr. James Moor Smith, in a letter to our author himself, who had informed him, a month before that play was acted, Jan. 27, 1726-7, that 'These verses, which had before given him leave to insert in it, would be known for his, some copies being got abroad. He desires, nevertheless, that since the lines had been used in his comedy to several, Mr. P. would not deprive of them,' &c. Surely, if we add the testimony of the Lord BOLINGBROKE, of the Lady to whom the said verses were originally addressed, of Hugh BELL Esq; and others, who knew them as our author's, before the said gentleman composed his play; it is to be expected, the ingenuous that affect not error, will rectify the opinion by the suffrage of so honourable personages.

And yet followeth another charge, insinuating less than his enmity both to church and state, which could come from no other informer than the said

Mr. JAMES-MOOR SMITH.

' 2 The Memoirs of a Parish clerk was a very and unjust abuse of a person who wrote in defence

² Daily Journal, April 3, 1728.

our religion and constitution, and who has been dead many years.' This seemeth also most untrue; it being known to divers that these Memoirs were written at the seat of the Lord Harcourt in Oxfordshire, before that excellent person (bishop Burnet's) death, and many years before the appearance of that history, of which they are pretended to be an abuse. Most true it is, that Mr. Moore had such a design, and was himself the man who prest Dr. Arbuthnot and Mr. Pope to assist him therein; and that he borrowed those Memoirs of our author, when that history came forth, with intent to turn them to such abuse. But being able to obtain from our author but one single hint, and either changing his mind, or having more mind than ability, contented himself to keep the said Memoirs, and read them as his own to all his acquaintance. A noble person there is, into whose company Mr. Pope once chanced to introduce him, who well remembereth the conversation of Mr. Moore to be turned upon the Contempt he had for the work of that reverend prelate, and how full he was of a design he declared himself to have of exposing it.' 'This noble Person is the Earl of PETERBOROUGH.

Here in truth should we crave pardon of all the foresaid right and honourable worthy personages, for having mentioned them in the same page with such weekly riff-raff railers and rhymers; but that we had their ever-honoured commands for the same; and that they are introduced not as witnesses in the controversy, but as witnesses that cannot be controverted; not to dispute, but to decide.

Certain it is, that dividing our writers into two classes, of such who were acquaintance, and of such who were strangers to our author; the former are those who speak well, and the other those who speak evil of him. Of the first class, the most noble

JOHN DUKE OF BUCKINGHAM
sums up his character in these lines:

- ‘ And yet so wond’rous, so sublime a thing,
 - ‘ As the great Iliad, scarce could make me sing,
 - ‘ Unless I justly could at once commend
 - ‘ A good companion, and as firm a friend;
 - ‘ One moral, or a mere well-natur’d deed,
 - ‘ Can all desert in sciences exceed.’
- So also is he decyphered by the honourable

SIMON HARCOURT.

- ‘ Say, wond’rous youth, what column wilt thou
- ‘ chuse,
- ‘ What laurel’d arch, for thy triumphant Muse?
- ‘ Tho’ each great ancient court thee to his shrine
- ‘ Tho’ ev’ry laurel thro’ the dome be thine,
- ‘ Go to the good and just, an awful train!
- ‘ Thy soul’s delight,——

Recorded in like manner for his virtuous disposition and gentle bearing, by the ingenious

Mr WALTER HART,
in this apostrophe:

- † Verses to Mr. P. on his translation of Homer.
- † Poem prefixed to his works.

Of ever worthy, ever crown'd with praise;
 Blest in thy *life*; and blest in all thy *lays*.
 Add, that the Sisters ev'ry thought refine,
 And ev'n thy *life* be *faultless* as thy *line*,
 Yet envy still with fiercer rage pursues,
 Obscures the *virtue*, and defames the *Muse*.
 A soul like thine, in pain, in grief, resign'd,
 Views with just scorn the malice of mankind.
 The witty and moral satirist

DR. EDWARD YOUNG,

wishing some check to the corruption and evil manners of the times, calleth out upon our poet to undertake a task so worthy of his virtue:

' Why slumbers Pope, who leads the *Muse's* train,
 Nor hears that *Virtue*, which he *loves*, complain?

MR. MALLET,

In his epistle on Verbal Criticism:

' Whose life, severely scan'd, transcends his lays;
 For wit supreme, is but his second praise.'

MR. HAMMOND,

That delicate and correct imitator of Tibullus, in his Love Elegies, Elegy xiv.

' Now, fir'd by Pope and *Virtue*, leave the age,
 In low pursuit of self-undoing wrong,
 And trace the author thro' his moral page,
 Whose blameless life still answers to his song.'

¹ In his Poems, printed for B. Lintot.

² Universal Passion, Sat. i.

Mr. THOMSON,
In his elegant and philosophical poem of the Seasons

‘ Altho’ not sweeter his own Homer sings,

‘ Yet is his *life* the more endearing song.’

To the same tune also singeth that learned clerk
Suffolk,

Mr. WILLIAM BROOME.

‘ Thus, nobly rising in fair *virtue’s* cause,

‘ From thy own *life* transcribe th’ *underlying laws*

And, to close all, hear the reverend dean of St. Paul’s
trick’s:

‘ A Soul with ev’ry virtue fraught,

‘ By Patriots, Priests, and Poets taught,

‘ Whose filial Piety excells

‘ Whatever Grecian story tells.

‘ A genius for each bus’ness fit,

‘ Whose meanest talent is his Wit.’ &c.

Let us now recreate thee by turning to the other
side, and shewing his Character drawn by those with
whom he never conversed, and whose countenances
could not know, though turned against him: First
again commencing with the high voiced and new
enough quoted

Mr. JOHN DENNIS,
Who, in his Reflections on the Essay on Criticism, thus
describeth him: ‘ A little affected hypocrite, who has
‘ nothing in his mouth but candour, truth, friendship,
‘ good-nature, humanity, and magnanimity. He is

3 In his Poems, and at the end of the *Odyssey*.

great a lover of falshood, that, whenever he has a mind to calumniate his contemporaries, he brands them with some defect which is just *contrary to some good quality*, for which all their friends and acquaintance commend them. He seems to have a particular pique to *People of quality*, and authors of that rank. — He must derive his religion from St. Omer's. — But in the Character of Mr. P. and his writings, (printed by S. Popping, 1716) he saith, 'Though he is a professor of the worst religion, yet he *laughs at it*;' but that 'nevertheless, he is a *virulent Papist*; and yet a *Pillar for the Church of England*.'

Of both which opinions

MR. LEWIS THEOBALD

seems also to be; declaring, in Mist's Journal of June 22, 1718. 'That, if he is not shrewdly abused, he made it his practice to cackle at both parties in their own sentiments.' But, as to his pique against *People of Quality*, the same Journalist doth not agree, but saith, (May 8, 1728.) 'He had, by some means or other, the *acquaintance and friendship of the whole body of our nobility*.'

However contradictory this may appear, Mr. Dennis and Gildon, in the character last cited, make it all plain, by assuring us, 'That he is a creature that reconciles all contradictions; he is a beast, and a man; a Whig, and a Tory; a writer (at one and the same time) of *Guardians and Examiners*; an Assertor of

* The Names of two weekly Papers.

'liberty, and of the dispensing power of Kings; a
'suistical professor of truth; a base and foul pretence
'to candour.' So that, upon the whole account, we
most conclude him either to have been a great hypocrite, or a very honest man; a terrible imposer upon
both parties, or very moderate to either.

Be it as the judicious reader shall seem good. Sure
is, he is little favoured of certain authors, whose writings
is perilous: For one declares he ought to have a *price*
on his head, and to be hunted down as a *wild beast*.¹ Another
protests that he does not know *what may happen*;
advises him to *insure his person*; says he has *bitte*
enemies, and expressly declares it will be well if he *escape*
with his life.² One desires he would *cut his own throat*
or hang himself.³ But Pasquin seemed rather inclined
it should be done by the Government, representing him
engaged in grievous designs with a Lord of Parliament
then under prosecution⁴. Mr. Dennis himself had
written to a *Minister*, that he is one of the most *dange*
*rous persons in this kingdom*⁵; and assureth the public
that he is an *open and mortal enemy to his country*;
monster, that *will*, one day, shew as *daring a soul as*
mad Indian, who runs a *muck* to kill the first Christian

¹ Theobald, Letter in Mist's Journal, June 1728.

² Smedley, Pref. to Gulliveriana, p. 14, 16.

³ Gulliveriana, p. 331. ⁴ Anno 1723.

⁵ Anno 1729.

he meets⁶. Another gives information of *Treason* discovered in his poem⁷. Mr. Curl boldly supplies an imperfect verse with *Kings* and *Princesses*⁸. And one Matthew Concanen, yet more impudent, publishes at length the Two most SACRED NAMES in this Nation, as members of the Dunciad⁹!

This is prodigious! yet it is almost as strange, that in the midst of these invectives his greatest Enemies have (I know not how) born testimony to some merit in him.

MR. THEOBALD,

in censuring his Shakespear, declares, 'He has so great an *esteem* for Mr. Pope, and so high an *opinion* of his *genius* and *excellencies*; that, notwithstanding he professes a *veneration almost rising to Idolatry* for the writings of this inimitable poet, he would be very loth even to do *him* justice, even at the expence of that *other gentleman's* character^o.'

⁶ Preface to Rem. on the Rape of the Lock, p. 12. and in the last page of that treatise.

⁷ Page 6, 7, of the Preface, by Concanen, to a book intitled, A Collection of all the Letters, Essays, Verses and Advertisements, occasioned by Pope and Swift's Miscellanies. Printed for A. Moore, octavo, 1712.

⁸ Key to the Dunciad, 3d edit. p. 18.

⁹ A List of Persons, &c. at the end of the forementioned Collection of all the Letters, Essays, &c.

^o Introduction to his Shakespear restored, in 4to. p. 3.

MR. CHARLES GILDON,

after having violently attacked him in many pieces, last came to wish from his heart, 'That Mr. Pope would be prevailed upon to give us Ovid's Epistles by his hand, for it is certain we see the original Sappho to Phaon with much more life and likeness in his version, than in that of Sir Car. Scrope. And this (he adds) is the more to be wished, because the English tongue we have scarce any thing true and naturally written upon Love³.' He also, in attacking Sir Richard Blackmore for his heterodox opinion of Homer, challengeth him to answer what Mr. Pope hath said in his preface to that poet.

MR. OLDMIXON

calls him a great master of our tongue; declares 'the purity and perfection of the English language to be found in his Homer; and, saying that there are more good verses in Dryden's Virgil than in any other work, excepts this of our author only⁴.'

The Author of a Letter to Mr. CIBBER says, 'Pope was so good a versifier [once] that his predecessor Mr. Dryden, and his cotemporary Mr. Prior excepted, the harmony of his numbers is equal to any body's. And, that he had all the merit, that a man can have that way.' And

³ Commentary on the Duke of Buckingham's Essay, octavo, 1721, p. 97. 98.

⁴ In his prose Essay on Criticism.

⁵ Printed by J. Roberts. 1744, p. 11.

Mr. THOMAS COOKE,

After much blemishing our author's Homer, crieth out,

But in his other works what beauties shiue,

While sweetest Music dwells in every line!

These he admir'd, on these he stamp'd his praise,

And bad them live to brighten future days⁶.

So also one who takes the name of

H. STANHOPE,

the maker of certain verses to Duncan Campbell⁷, in that poem, which is wholly a satire upon Mr. Pope, confesseth,

'Tis true, if finest notes alone could show

(Tun'd justly high, or regularly low)

That we should fame to these mere vocals give;

Pope more than we can offer should receive:

For when some gliding river is his theme,

His lines run smother than the smoothest

stream, &c.

MIST'S JOURNAL, June 8, 1728.

Although he says, 'The smooth numbers of the Dun-
ciad are all that recommend it, nor has it any other
merit;' yet that same paper hath these words: 'The
author is allowed to be a perfect master of an easy
and elegant versification. *In all his works* we find

⁶ Battle of the Poets, folio, p. 15.

⁷ Printed under the title of the Progress of Dul-
ness, duodecimo, 1728.

‘most *happy turns*, and *natural similies*, wonderful
‘short and thick sown.’

The Essay on the Dunciad also owns, p. 25. it
very full of *beautiful images*. But the panegyric, which
crowns all that can be said on this poem, is bestowed
by our Laureate,

MR. COLLEY CIBBER.

who ‘grants it to be a better Poem of its kind than
‘ever was writ:’ but adds, ‘it was a victory over
‘parcel of poor wretches, whom it was almost cow-
‘dice to conquer.—A man might as well triumph
‘having killed so many silly flies that offended him
‘Could he have let them alone, by this time, poor
‘souls! they had all been buried in oblivion ⁸.’ Here
we see our excellent Laureate allows the justice of the
satire on every man in it, but *himself*; as the great
Mr. Dennis did before him,

The said

MR. DENNIS and MR. GILDON,
in the most furious of all their works (the forecited
Character, p. 5.) do in concert ⁹ confess, ‘That some
‘men of *good understanding* value him for his rhymes
And (p. 17.) ‘that he has got, like Mr. Bayn in the

⁸ Cibber’s Letter to Mr. Pope, p. 9. 12.

⁹ *in concert*] Hear how Mr. Dennis hath proved
our mistake in this place, ‘As to my writing in concert
‘with Mr. Gildon, I declare upon the honour and
‘word of a gentleman, that I never wrote so much as

Rehearsal, (that is, like Mr. Dryden) a notable knack at rhyming, and writing smooth verse.'

Of his Essay on Man, numerous were the praises bestowed by his avowed enemies, in the imagination that the same was not written by him, as it was printed anonymously.

Thus sang of it even

BEZALEEL MORRIS.

'Auspicious bard! while all admire thy strain,

'All but the selfish, ignorant, and vain;

one line in *concert* with any man whatsoever. And these two Letters from Gildon will plainly shew, that we are not writers in *concert* with each other.

"Sir,

"—The height of my ambition is to please men of the best judgment; and finding that I have entertained my master agreeably, I have the extent of the reward of my labour."

"Sir,

"I had not the opportunity of hearing of your excellent Pamphlet 'till this day. I am infinitely satisfied and pleased with it, and hope you will meet with that encouragement your admirable performance deserves, &c.

CH. GILDON.

'Now is it not plain, that any one who sends such compliments to another, has not been used to write in partnership with him to whom he sends them?'

Dennis, Remarks on the Dunc. p. 50. Mr. Dennis is therefore welcome to take this piece to himself.

‘ I, whom no bribe to servile flatt’ry drew,
 ‘ Must pay the tribute to thy merit due :
 ‘ The Muse sublime, significant, and clear,
 ‘ Alike informs the Soul, and charms the Ear, &c.

And

Mr. LEONARD WELSTED

thus wrote ¹ to the unknown author, on the first publication of the said Essay ; ‘ I must own, after the reception which the vilest and most immoral ribald hath lately met with, I was surprized to see what had long despaired, a performance deserving the name of a poet. Such, Sir, is your work. It is, indeed, above all commendation, and ought to have been published in an age and country more worthy of it. If my testimony be of weight any where, you are sure to have it in the amplest manner, &c. &c.

Thus we see every one of his works hath been extolled by one or other of his most inveterate Enemies and to the success of them all they do unanimously give testimony. But it is sufficient, *instar omnium*, to behold the great critic, Mr. Dennis, sorely lamenting it, even from the Essay on Criticism to this day of the Dunciad ! ‘ A most notorious instance (quoth he) of the depravity of genius and taste, the approbation of this Essay meets with ².—I can safely affirm, that I never attacked any of these writings, unless they had

¹ In a Letter under his own hand, dated March 11, 1733.

² Dennis, Pref. to his Reflect. on the Essay on Criticism.

success infinitely beyond their merit. This, though an empty, has been a *popular* scribbler. The epidemic madness of the times has given him *reputation*⁴. —If, after the cruel treatment so many extraordinary men (Spenser, Lord Bacon, Ben Johnson, Milton, Butler, Otway, and others) have received from this country, for these last hundred years, I should shift the scene, and shew all that penury changed at once to riot and profuseness; and more squandered away upon *one object*, than would have satisfied the greater part of those extraordinary men; the reader to whom this one creature should be unknown, would fancy him a prodigy of art and nature, would believe that all the great qualities of these persons were centered in him alone. But if I should venture to assure him, that the PEOPLE OF ENGLAND had made such a choice—the reader would either believe me a *malicious enemy*, and *slanderer*; or that the reign of the last (Queen Anne's) *Ministry* was designed by fate to encourage *Fools*.⁵

But it happens, that this our Poet never had any Place, Pension, or Gratuity, in any shape, from the said glorious Queen, or any of her Ministers. All he owed, in the whole course of his life, to any court, was a subscription for his Homer, of 200l. from King George I. and 100l. from the Prince and Princess.

However, lest we imagine our Author's success was

⁴ Preface to his Remarks on Homer.

⁵ Rem. on Homer, p. 8, 9.

constant and universal, they acquaint us of certain works in a less degree of repute, whereof, although owned by others, yet do they assure us he is the writer. Of this sort Mr. DENNIS⁶ ascribes to him *two Farcies* whose names he does not tell, but assures us that *there is not one jest in them*: And an imitation of Horace whose title he does not mention, but assures us it is *much more execrable than all his Works*⁷. The DAILY JOURNAL, May 11, 1728. assures us, 'he is below Tom Durfey in the Drama, because (as that writer thinks) the Marriage Hater matched, and the Boarding School are better than the What-d'ye-call-it;' which is not Mr. P.'s, but Mr. Gay's. Mr. GILDON assures us, in his New Rehearsal, p. 48. 'That he was writing a play of the Lady Jane Grey;' but it afterwards proved to be Mr. Rowe's. We are assured by another 'He wrote a pamphlet called Dr. Andrew Tripe' which proved to be one Dr. Wagstaff's. Mr. TATTLER assures us, in *Mist* of the 27th of April, 'That the treatise of the *Profound* is very dull, and that Mr. Pope is the author of it.' The writer of *Gulliveriana* is of another opinion; and says, 'the whole or greatest part, of the merit of this treatise must and can only be ascribed to Gulliver⁹.' [Here, gentle reader! cannot I but smile at the strange blindness and positiveness of men; knowing the said treatise to appertain to none other but to me, Martinus Scriblerus.]

⁶ Ibid. p. 8.

⁷ Character of Mr. Pope, p. 7.

⁸ Ibid. p. 6.

⁹ Gulliv. p. 336.

We are assured, in *Mist* of June 8, 'That his own *Plays* and *Farces* would better have adorned the *Dunciad*, than those of Mr. Theobald; for he had neither genius for Tragedy or Comedy.' Which whether true or not, it is not easy to judge; in as much as he had attempted neither. Unless we will take it for granted, with Mr. Cibber, that his being once very angry at hearing a Friend's Play abused, was an infallible proof the play was his own; the said Mr. Cibber thinking it impossible for a man to be much concerned for any but himself: 'Now let any man judge (saith he) by this concern, who was the true mother of the child?'

But from all that hath been said, the discerning reader will collect, that it little availed our Author to have any Candour, since, when he declared he did not write for others, it was not credited; as little to have any Modesty, since, when he declined writing in any way himself, the presumption of others was imputed to him. If he singly enterprised one great work, he was taxed of boldness and madness to a prodigy¹: If he took assistants in another, it was complained of, and represented as a great injury to the public². The loftiest heroics, the lowest ballads, treatises against

⁹ Cibber's Letter to Mr. P. p. 19.

¹ Burnet's *Homerides*, p. 1. of his translation of the *Iliad*.

² The London and *Mist's Journals*, on his undertaking the *Odyssy*.

lvi TESTIMONIES OF AUTHORS.

the state or church, satires on lords and ladies, raillery on wits and authors, squabbles with booksellers, or even full and true accounts of monsters, poisons, and murders; of any hereof was there nothing so good, nothing so bad, which hath not at one or other season been to him ascribed. If it bore no author's name, then lay he concealed; if it did, he fathered it upon that author to be yet better concealed: If it resembled any of his styles, then was it evident; if it did not, then disguised he it on set purpose. Yea, even direct oppositions in religion, principles, politics, have equally been supposed in him inherent. Surely a most rare and singular character! Of which let the reader make what he can.

Doubtless most Commentators would hence take occasion to turn all to their author's advantage, and from the testimony of his very enemies would affirm, That his capacity was boundless, as well as his Imagination; that he was a perfect master of all Styles; and all Arguments; and that there was in those times no other Writer in any kind, of any degree of excellence, save he himself. But as this is not our own sentiment, we shall determine on nothing; but leave thee, gentle reader, to steer thy judgment equally between various opinions, and to chuse whether thou wilt incline to the Testimonies of Authors avowed, or of Authors concealed; of those who knew him, or of those who knew him not.

BY AUTHORITY.

By virtue of the Authority in Us vested by the Act for subjecting Poets to the Power of a Licenser, we have revised this Piece; where finding the style and appellation of KING to have been given to a certain Pretender, Pseudo-Poet, or Phantom, of the name of TIBBALD; and apprehending the same may be deemed in some sort a Reflection on Majesty, or at least an insult on that Legal Authority which has bestowed on another Person the Crown of Poesy: We have ordered the said Pretender, Pseudo-Poet, or Phantom, utterly to vanish and evaporate out of this work: And do declare the said Throne of Poesy from henceforth to be abdicated and vacant, unless duly and lawfully supplied by the LAUREATE himself. And it is hereby enacted, that no other person do presume to fill the same.

CC. Ch.

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THE
D U N C I A D:

T O

DR. JONATHAN SWIFT.

BOOK THE FIRST.

A R G U M E N T.

THE Proposition, the Invocation, and the Inscription. Then the Original of the great Empire of *Dulness*, and cause of the continuance thereof. The College of the *Goddeſs* in the City, with her private Academy for Poets in particular; the Governors of it, and the four Cardinal Virtues. Then the Poem *haſtes into the miſt of things*, preſenting her, on the evening of a Lord Mayor's day, revolving the long ſucceſſion of her Sons, and the glories paſt and to come. She fixes her eye on *Bays* to be the Inſtrument of that great Event which is the Subject of the Poem. He is deſcribed penſive among his Books, giving up the Cauſe, and apprehending the Period of her Empire: after debating whether to betake himſelf to the Church, or to Gaming, or to Party-Writing, he raiſes an Altar of proper

books, and (making first his solemn prayer-
 declaration) purposes thereon to sacrifice all his
 successful writings. As the pile is kindled,
 Goddess, beholding the flame from her seat,
 and puts it out by casting upon it the poem
Thule. She forthwith reveals herself to him, trans-
 ports him to her Temple, unfolds her Arts, and
 initiates him into her Mysteries; then announces
 the death of *Eusden* the Poet Laureate, anoints
 him, carries him to Court, and proclaims him suc-
 cessor.

THE mighty Mother, and her Son, who brings
 The Smithfield Muses to the ear of Kings,

VARIATIONS.

Ver. 1. *The mighty Mother, &c.*] In the first Edition
 it was thus,

Books and the Man I sing, the first who brings
 The Smithfield Muses to the Ear of Kings.

Say, great Patricians! since yourselves inspire
 These wond'rous works (so Jove and Fate require)
 Say, for what cause, in vain decry'd and curst,
 Still——

IMITATIONS.

*Say great Patricians! since yourselves inspire
 These wond'rous works——*

—*Dii coeptis (nam vos mutastis et illas.)*

Ovid. Met. i.

sing. Say you, her Instruments the Great!
 Call'd to this work by Dulness, Jove, and Fate;
 You by whose care, in vain decry'd and curst,
 Still Duncce the second reigns like Duncce the first;
 Say, how the Goddess bade Britannia sleep,
 And pour'd her Spirit o'er the land and deep.

In eldest time, ere mortals writ or read,
 Ere Pallas issu'd from the Thund'rer's head,
 Dulness o'er all possess'd her ancient right,
 Daughter of Chaos and eternal Night:
 Fate in their dotage this fair Idiot gave,
 Gross as her fire, and as her mother grave,
 Laborious, heavy, busy, bold, and blind,
 She rul'd, in native Anarchy, the mind.

Still her old Empire to restore she tries,
 For, born a Goddess, Dulness never dies.

Oh Thou! whatever title please thine ear,
 Dean, Drapier, Bickerstaff, or Gulliver!
 Whether thou chuse Cervantes' serious air,
 Or laugh and shake in Rab'lais' easy chair,

VARIATIONS.

After Ver. 22. in the MS.

Or in the graver Gown instruct mankind,
 Or silent let thy morals tell thy mind.

IMITATIONS.

Ver. 6. Alluding to a verse of Mr. Dryden, not in
 Mac Fleckno (as is said ignorantly in the Key to the
 Dunciad, p. 1.) but in his verses to Mr. Congreve,

"And Tom the second reigns like Tom the first."

Vol. IV.

F

†

Or praise the Court, or magnify Mankind,
 Or thy griev'd Country's copper chains unbind;
 From thy Boeotia tho' her Pow'r retires,
 Mourn not, my SWIFT, at ought our Realm acquires
 Here pleas'd behold her mighty wings out-spread
 To hatch a new Saturnian age of Lead.

Cloſe to thoſe walls where Folly holds her throne
 And laughs to think Monroe would take her down
 Where o'er the gates, by his fam'd father's hand,
 Great Cibber's brazen, brainleſs brothers ſtand;
 One Cell there is, conceal'd from vulgar eye,
 The Cave of Poverty and Poetry.

Keen, hollow winds howl thro' the bleak reſeſs,
 Emblem of Muſic cauſ'd by Emptineſs.
 Hence Bards, like Proteus long in vain ty'd down,
 Eſcape in Monſters, and amaze the town.
 Hence Miſcellanies ſpring, the weekly beaſt
 Of Curls chaſte preſs, and Lintot's rubric poſt:

VARIATIONS.

But this was to be underſtood, as the Poet ſays, *in*
 like the 23d Verſe.

Ver. 29. *Cloſe to thoſe walls, &c.* In the ſecond
 Edit. thus,

Where wave the tatter'd enſigns of Rag-fair,
 A yawning ruin hangs and nods in air;
 Keen hollow winds howl thro' the bleak reſeſs,
 Emblem of Muſic cauſ'd by Emptineſs;
 Here in one bed two ſhiv'ring Siſters lie,
 The Cave of Poverty and Poetry.

Hence hymning Tyburn's elegiac lines,
 Hence Journals, Medley's, Merc'ries, MAGAZINES:
 Sepulchral Lies, our holy walls to grace,
 And New-year Odes, and all the Grub-street race.

In clouded Majesty here Dulness shone;
 Four guardian Virtues, round, support her throne:
 Fierce champion Fortitude, that knows no fears
 Of hisses, blows, or want, or loss of ears:
 Calm Temperance, whose blessings those partake
 Who hunger, and who thirst for scribbling sake:

VARIATIONS.

Ver. 41. in the former Edit.

Hence hymning Tyburn's elegiac Lay,
 Hence the soft sing-song on Cecilia's Day.

Ver. 42. Alludes to the annual Songs composed to
 Music on St. Cecilia's Feast.

IMITATIONS.

Ver. 41, 42. Hence hymning Tyburn's—Hence, &c.]

“ ——— Genus unde Latinum,

“ Albanique patres, atque altae moenia Romae.”

Virg. Æn. I.

Ver. 45. In clouded Majesty]

“ ———— the Moon

“ Rising in clouded Majesty ———

Milton; Book iv.

Ver. 48. ——— that knows no fears

Of hisses, blows, or want, or loss of ears:]

“ Quem neque pauperies, neque mors, neque vincla
 terrent.

Hor.

Prudence, whose glass presents th' approaching fall,
 Poetic Justice, with her lifted scale,
 Where, in nice balance, truth with gold she weighs,
 And solid pudding against empty praise.

Here she beholds the Chaos dark and deep,
 Where nameless Somethings in their causes sleep,
 'Till genial Jacob, or a warm Third day,
 Call forth each mass, a Poem, or a play:
 How hints, like spawn, scarce quick in embryo lie,
 How new-born nonsense first is taught to cry,
 Maggots half-form'd in rhyme exactly meet,
 And learn to crawl upon poetic feet.
 Here one poor word an hundred clenches makes,
 And ductile Dulness new meanders takes;

IMITATIONS.

Ver. 55. *Here she beholds the Chaos dark and deep,*

Where nameless Somethings, &c.]

That is to say, unformed things, which are either made
 into Poems or Plays, as the Booksellers or the Players
 bid most. These lines allude to the following in Garth's
 Dispensary, Cant. vi.

"Within the chambers of the globe they spy

"The beds where sleeping vegetables lie,

"'Till the glad summons of a genial ray

"Unbinds the glebe, and calls them out to day."

Ver. 64. *And ductile Dulness, &c.]* A parody on a
 verse in Garth, Cant. i.

"How ductile matter new meanders takes."

There motley Images her fancy strike,
 Figures ill-pair'd, and Similes unlike.
 She sees a Mob of Metaphors advance,
 Pleas'd with the madness of the mazy dance;
 How Tragedy and Comedy embrace;
 How Farce and Epic get a jumbled race;
 How Time herself stands still at her command,
 Realms shift their place, and Ocean turns to land.
 Here gay Description Ægypt glads with show'rs,
 Or gives to Zembla fruits, to Barca flow'rs;
 Glitt'ring with ice here hoary hills are seen,
 There painted vallies of eternal green,
 In cold December fragrant chaplets blow,
 And heavy harvests nod beneath the snow.

All these, and more, the cloud-compelling Queen
 Beholds thro' fogs, that magnify the scene.
 She, tinsel'd o'er in robes of varying hues,
 With self-applause her wild creation views;
 Sees momentary monsters rise and fall,
 And with her own fools-colours gilds them all.
 'Twas on the day, when * * rich and grave,
 Like Cimon, triumph'd both on land and wave:

VARIATIONS.

Ver. 85. in the former Editions,

'Twas on the day when Thorold, rich and grave.
 Sir George Thorold, Lord Mayor of London, in the
 year 1720.

IMITATIONS.

Ver. 79. *The cloud-compelling Queen*] From Ho-
 mer's Epithet of Jupiter, νεφεληγερέτα Ζεύς.

(Pomps without guilt, of bloodless swords and maces,
 Glad chains, warm furs, broad banners, and broad faces)
 Now Night descending, the proud scene was o'er,
 But liv'd, in Settle's numbers, one day more.
 Now May'rs and Shrieves all hush'd and satiate lay,
 Yet eat, in dreams, the custard of the day;
 While pensive Poets painful vigils keep,
 Sleepless themselves, to give their readers sleep.
 Much to the mindful Queen the feast recalls
 What City Swans once sung within the walls;
 Much she revolv's their arts, their ancient praise,
 And sure succession down from Heywood's days.
 She saw, with joy, the line immortal run,
 Each sire impress'd and glaring in his son:
 So watchful Bruin forms, with plastic care,
 Each growing lump, and brings it to a Bear.
 She saw old Pryn in restless Daniel shine,
 And Eusden eke out Blackmore's endless line;
 She saw slow Philips creep like Tate's poor page,
 And all the mighty mad in Denais rage.

In each she marks her Image full exprest,
 But chief in Bays's monster-breeding breast;

VARIATIONS.

Ver. 108. *But chief in Bays's, &c.*] In the former
 Edit. thus,

But chief, 'in Tibbald's monster-breeding breast;
 Sees Gods with Daemons in strange league engag'd;
 And earth, and heav'n, and hell her battles wage.

Days, form'd by nature Stage and Town to bless,
 And act, and be, a Coxcomb with success.
 Dulness with transport eyes the lively Dunce,
 Rememb'ring she herself was Pertness once.
 Now (shame to Fortune!) an ill run at Play,
 Blank'd his bold visage, and a thin Third day:
 Swearing and supperless the Hero fate,
 Blasphem'd his Gods, the Dice, and damn'd his Fate.
 Then gnaw'd his pen, then dash'd it on the ground,
 Sinking from thought to thought, a vast profound!
 Plung'd for his sense, but found no bottom there,
 Yet wrote and flounder'd on in meer despair.
 Round him much Embryo, much Abortion lay,
 Much future Ode, and abdicated Play;

VARIATIONS.

She ey'd the bard, where supperless he fate,
 And pin'd unconscious of his rising fate;
 Studious he fate, with all his books around,
 Sinking from thought to thought, &c.—

Ver. 121. *Round him much Embryo, &c.*] In the former Editions thus,

He roll'd his eyes that witness'd huge dismay,
 Where yet unpawn'd, much learned lumber lay;

IMITATIONS.

He roll'd his eyes that witness'd huge dismay,]

—round he throws his eyes,

That witness'd huge affliction and dismay. Milt. B. 1.

Nonsense precipitate, like running Lead,
 That slip'd thro' Cracks and Zig-zags of the Head;
 All that on Folly Frenzy could beget,
 Fruits of dull-Heat, and Sooterkins of Wit.
 Next, o'er his Books his eyes began to roll,
 In pleasing memory of all he stole,
 How here he sip'd, how there he plunder'd snugg,
 And suck'd all o'er, like an industrious Bug.
 Here lay poor Fletcher's half-eat scenes, and here
 The Frillery of crucify'd Moliere;
 There hapless Shakespear, yet of Tibbald fore,
 Wish'd he had blotted for himself before.
 The rest on Outside merit but presume,
 Or serve (like other Fools) to fill a room;
 Such with their shelves as due proportion hold,
 Or their fond Parents dress'd in red and gold;

VARIATIONS.

Volumes, whose size the space exactly fill'd,
 Or which fond authors were so good to gild,
 Or where, by sculpture made for ever known,
 The page admires new beauties not its own.
 Here swells the shelf, &c.—

IMITATIONS.

'The progress of a bad poet in his thoughts being (like
 the progress of the Devil in Milton) through a *Chaos*,
 might probably suggest this imitation.

THE DUNCIAD. I. 139.

Or where the pictures for the page atone,
And Quarles is fav'd by beauties not his own.
Here swells the shelf with Ogilby the great;
There, stamp'd with arms, Newcastle shines complete;
Here all his suff'ring brotherhood retire,
And 'scape the martyrdom of jakes and fire:
A Gothic Library! of Greece and Rome
Well purg'd, and worthy Settle, Banks, and Broome.

VARIATIONS.

Ver. 146. in the first Edit. it was

Well purg'd, and worthy W—y, W—s and Bl—
And in the following alter'd to Withers, Quarles and
Blome, on which was the following note.

It was printed in the surreptitious editions, W—ly,
W—s, who were persons eminent for good life; the
one writ the Life of Christ in verse, the other some va-
luable pieces in the lyric kind on pious subjects. The
line is here restor'd according to its original.

“ *George Withers*, was a great pretender to poetical
“ zeal against the vices of the times, and abused the
“ greatest personages in pow'r, which brought upon
“ him frequent Correction. The *Marshalsea* and New-

IMITATIONS.

Ver. 140. In the former Ed.

The page admires new beauties not its own.]

“ *Miraturque novas frondes et non sua poma.*”

Virg. Georg. ii.

But, high above, more solid Learning shone,
 The Classics of an Age that heard of none;
 There Caxton slept, with Wynkyn at his side,
 One clasp'd in wood, and one in strong cow-hide;
 There, sav'd by spice, like Mummies, many a year,
 Dry Bodies of Divinity appear:
 De Lyra there a dreadful front extends,
 And here the groaning shelves Philemon bends.

Of these twelve volumes, twelve of amplest size,
 Redeem'd from tapers and defrauded pies,
 Inspir'd he seizes: These an altar raise:
 An hecatomb of pure, unsully'd lays
 That altar crowns: a folio Common-place
 Founds the whole pyle, of all his works the base:
 Quartos, octavos, shape the less'ning pyre;
 A twisted Birth-day Ode completes the spire.

Then he: Great Tamer of all human art!
 First in my care, and ever at my heart;
 Dulness! whose good old cause I yet defend,
 With whom my muse began, with whom shall end,

VARIATIONS.

"gate were no strangers to him." WINSTANTY.
Quarles was as dull a writer, but an honest man.
Blome's books are remarkable for their cuts.

Ver. 162. *A twisted, &c.*] In the former Ed.
 And last, a little Ajax tips the Spire.

IMITATIONS.

Ver. 166. *With whom my Muse began, with whom
 shall end.*]

E'er since Sir Fopling's Periwig was Praise,
 To the last honours of the Batt and Bays :
 O thou ! of Bus'ness the directing soul !
 To this our head like byass to the bowl,
 Which, as more pond'rous, made its aim more true,
 Obliquely wadling to the mark in view :
 O ! ever gracious to perplex'd mankind,
 Still spread a healing mist before the mind ;
 And, lest we err by Wit's wild dancing light,
 Secure us kindly in our native night.
 Or, if to Wit a Coxcomb make pretence,
 Guard the sure barrier between that and Sense ;

 VARIATIONS.

Ver. 177. *Or, if to Wit, &c.* In the former Edit.

Ah ! still o'er Britain stretch that peaceful wand,
 Which hells th' Helvetian and Batavian land ;
 Where rebel to thy throne if Science rise,
 She does but show her coward face and dies :
 There thy good Scholiasts with unwear'd pains
 Make Horace flat, and humble Maro's strains :
 Here studious I unlucky moderns save,
 Nor sleeps one error in its father's grave,

IMITATIONS.

"A te principium, tibi desinet." — Virg. Ecl. viii.

Ἐκ Διὸς ἀρχόμεθα, καὶ εἰς Δία λήγεις Μῦσαι.

Theoc.

"Prima dicte mihi, summa dicende Camoena."

Hor.

Or quite unravel all the reas'ning thread,
 And hang some curious cobweb in its stead!
 As, forc'd from wind-guns, lead itself can fly,
 And pond'rous slugs cut swiftly thro' the sky;
 As clocks to weight their nimble motion owe,
 The wheels above urg'd by the load below:
 Me Emptiness, and Dulness could inspire,
 And were my Elasticity and Fire.
 Some Daemon stole my pen (forgive th' offence)
 And once betray'd me into common sense:
 Else all my Prose and Verse were much the same;
 This, prose on stilts; that, poetry fallen lame.
 Did on the stage my Fops appear confin'd?
 My life gave ampler lessons to mankind.
 Did the dead Letter unsuccessful prove?
 The brisk Example never fail'd to move.
 Yet sure, had Heaven decreed to save the State,
 Heaven had decreed these works a longer date.

VARIATIONS.

Old puns restore, lost blunders nicely seek,
 And crucify poor Shakespear once a week.
 For thee supplying, in the worst of days,
 Notes to dull books, and prologues to dull plays;
 Not that my quill to critics was confin'd,
 My verse gave ampler lessons to mankind;
 So gravest precepts may successful prove,
 But sad examples never fail to move.
 As, forc'd by wind-guns, &c.

Ver. 195. *Yet sure, had Heaven, &c.*] In the former
 Ed.

Could Troy be sav'd by any single hand,
 This grey-goose weapon must have made her stand.
 What can I now? my Fletcher cast aside,
 Take up the Bible, once my better guide?
 Or tread the path by vent'rous Heroes trod,
 This Box my Thunder, this right hand my God?
 Or chair'd at White's amidst the Doctors sit,
 Teach Oaths to Gamesters, and to Nobles Wit?

VARIATIONS.

Had Heaven decreed such works a longer date,
 Heaven had decreed to spare the Grubstreet-state.
 But see great Settle to the dust descend,
 And all thy cause and empire at an end!
 Could Troy be sav'd, &c.—

IMITATIONS.

Ver. 195. *Had Heaven decreed, &c.]*

“ Me si coelicolae voluissent ducere vitam,

“ Has mihi servassent fedes.— Virg. *Æn.* ii.

Ver. 197, 198. *Could Troy be sav'd—This grey-goose
 weapon]*

“ — Si Pergama dextra

“ Defendi possent, etiam hac defensa fuissent.”

Virg. *ibid.*

Ver. 202. *This Box my Thunder, this right hand my
 God?]*

“ Dextra mihi Deus, et telum quod missile libro.”

Virgil of the Gods of Mezentius.

Or bidst thou rather Party to embrace?
 (A friend to Party thou, and all her race;
 'Tis the same rope at diff'rent ends they twist;
 To Dulness Ridpath is as dear as Mist.)
 Shall I, like Curtius, desp'rate in my zeal,
 O'er head and ears plunge for the Commonweal?
 Or rob Rome's antient geese of all their glories,
 And cackling save the Monarchy of Tories?
 Hold---to the Minister I more incline;
 To serve his cause, O Queen! is serving thine.
 And see! the very Gazeteers give o'er,
 Even Ralph repents, and Henley writes no more.
 What then remains? Ourselves. Still, still remain
 Cibberian forehead, and Cibberian brain.
 This brazen Brightness, to the 'Squire so dear;
 This polish'd hardness, that reflects the Peer;
 This arch Absurd, that wit and fool delights
 This Mess, toss'd up of Hockley-hole and White's;
 Where Dukes and Butchers join to wreath my crown,
 At once the Bear and Fiddle of the Town.

O born in sin, and forth in folly brought!
 Works damn'd, or to be damn'd! (your fathers fault)

VARIATIONS.

Ver. 213. *Hold—to the Minister—*] In the former Edit.

Yes, to my Country I my pen consign,

Yes, from this moment, mighty Mist! am thine.

Ver. 225. *O born in sin, &c.*] In the former Edit.

Go, purify'd by flames ascend the sky,
 My better and more Christian progeny!
 Unstain'd, untouch'd, and yet in maiden sheets;
 While all your smutty sisters walk the streets.
 Ye shall not beg, like gratis-given Bland,
 Sent with a Pass, and vagrant thro' the land;
 Nor sail with Ward, to Ape-and-monkey climes,
 Where vile Mundungus trucks for viler rhymes:

VARIATIONS.

Adieu, my Children! better thus expire
 Unstall'd, unfold; thus glorious mount in fire,
 Fair without spot; than greas'd by grocers hands,
 Or shipp'd with Ward to Ape-and-monkey lands,
 Or wafting ginger, round the streets to run,
 And visit Ale-house, where ye first begun.
 With that he lifted thrice the sparkling brand,
 And thrice he dropp'd it, &c.

IMITATIONS.

Var. And visit Ale-house] Waller on the Navy:
 Those towers of Oak o'er fertile plains may go,
 And visit mountains where they once did grow.

Ver. 229. Unstain'd, untouch'd, &c.

“ — Felix Priameia virgo!
 “ Jussa mori, quae fortitus non pertulit ullos,
 “ Nec victoris heri tetigit captiva cubile!
 “ Nos, patria incensa, diversa per aequora vectae, &c.
 Virg. Æn. iii.

Not sulphur-tipt, emblaz'd on Ale-house signs;
 Not wrap up Oranges, to pale your fire!
 O! pass more innocent, in infant state,
 To the mild Limbo of our Father's Fate;
 Or peaceably forgot, at once be blest
 In Shadwell's bosom with eternal rest!
 Soon to that mass of Nonsense to return,
 Where things destroy'd are swept to things unborn.
 With that, a tear (portentous sign of Grace!)
 Stole from the master of the sev'nfold Face;
 And thrice he lifted high the Birth-day brand,
 And thrice he dropt it from his quiv'ring hand;
 Then lights the structure, with averted eyes:
 The rolling smokes involve the sacrifice,
 The op'ning clouds disclose each work by turns,
 Now flames the Cid, and now Perolla burns;

VARIATIONS.

Ver. 250. *Now flames the Cid, &c.* - In the former Edit.

Now flames old Meamon, now Rodrigo burns,
 In one quick flash see Proserpine expire,
 And last, his own cold Aeschylus took fire.

IMITATIONS.

Ver. 245. *And thrice he lifted high the Birth-day brand,* Ovid, of Althaea on a like occasion, burnt her offspring :

“*Tam conata quater flammis imponere totum*”

“*Coepta quater tenuit.*”

Great Caesar roars, and hisses in the fires;
 King John in silence modestly expires!
 No merit now the dear Nonjuror claims,
 Moliere's old stubble in a moment flames.
 Tears gush'd again, as from pale Priam's eyes,
 When the last blaze sent Ilion to the skies.

Rous'd by the light, old Dulness heav'd the head,
 Then snatch'd a sheet of Thulé from her bed;
 Sudden she flies, and whelms it o'er the pyre;
 Down sink the flames, and with a hiss expire.

Her ample presence fills up all the place;
 A veil of fogs dilates her awful face:
 Great in her charms! as when on Shrivés and May's
 She looks, and breathes herself into her airs.

VARIATIONS.

Then gush'd the tears, as from the Trojan's eyes
 When the last blaze, &c.

After ver. 268. In the former Edit. followed those
 two lines,

Raptur'd, he gazes round the dear retreat,
 And in sweet numbers celebrates the feat.

IMITATIONS.

Ver. 250. *Now flames the Cid, &c.*]

— Jam Deiphobi dedit ampla ruinam,

— Vulcano superante domus; jam proximus ardet

— Ucalegon. — [May's

Ver. 263. *Great in her charms! as when on Shrivés and
 She looks, and breathes herself into their airs.]*

She bids him wait her to her sacred Dome:
 Well pleas'd he enter'd, and confess'd his home:
 So, Spirits ending their terrestrial race,
 Ascend, and recognize their Native Place:
 This the Great Mother dearer held than all
 The clubs of Quidnuncs, or her own Guildhall:
 Here stood her Opium, here she nurs'd her Whisky,
 And here she plann'd the Imperial Hat of Russia.
 Here to her Chosen all her works she shows;
 Prose swell'd to verse, verse loit'ring into prose:
 How random thoughts now meaning chang'd to fool,
 Now leave all memory of sense behind:
 How Prologues into Prefaces decay,
 And these to Notes are fritter'd quite away:
 How Index-learning turns no student pale,
 Yet holds the eel of science by the tail:
 How, with less reading than makes felons' sense,
 Less human genius than God gives an ape,

IMITATIONS.

" Alma parens confessa Deam; qualisque videri

" Coelicolis, et quanta solet. — Virg. *Æn.*

" Et lactos oculis afflavit honores. — Id. *ibid.*

Ver. 269. *This the Great Mother, &c.*]

" Urbs antiqua fuit —

" Quam Jano fertur terris magis omni-bus antea

" Posthabita coluisse Samo: Me illic arua,

" Hic currus fuit: hic regnum Dea gentibus esse

" (Si qua fata sinant) jam tendique foverique

Virg. *ibid.*

Small thanks to France, and none to Rome or Greece,
A past, vamp'd, future, old, reviv'd, new piece,
Twixt Plautus, Fletcher, Shakespear, and Corneille,
Can make a Cibber, Tibbald, or Ozell.

The Goddess then, o'er his anointed head,
With mystic words, the sacred Opium shed,
And lo! her bird, (a monster of a fowl,
Something betwixt a Heideggre and Owl)
Perch'd on his crown, "All hail! and hail again,
My son! the promis'd land expects thy reign.
Know, Eusden thirsts no more for sack or praise;
He sleeps among the dull of antient days;
Safe, where no Critics damn, no Duns molest,
Where wretched Withers, Ward, and Gildon rest,
And high-born Howard, more majestic sire,
With Fool of Quality completes the quire.

VARIATIONS.

—Ver. 293. *Know, Eusden, &c.*] In the former Edit.
Know, Settle, cloy'd with custard and with praise,
h gather'd to the dull of antient days,
Safe where no critics damn, no duns molest,
Where Gildon, Banks, and high-born Howard rest.
I see a King! who leads my chosen sons
To lands that flow with clenchies and with puns:
Till each fam'd theatre my empire own;
Till Albion, as Hibernia, bless my throne;
I see! I see!—Then rapt she spoke no more,
God save King Tibbald! Grubstreet alleys roar.
So when Jove's block, &c.

78 THE DUNCIAD. III.

Thou, Cribber! thou, his laurel shall support,
 Folly, my son, has still a Friend at Court.
 Lift up your Gates, ye Princes, see him come!
 Sound, sound ye Viols, be the Cat-call dumb!
 Bring, bring the madding Bay, the drunken Vine,
 The creeping, dirty, courtly Ivy join.
 And thou! his Aid de camp, lead on my sons,
 Light-arm'd with Points, Antitheses, and Pins.
 Let Bawdry, Billingsgate, my daughters dear,
 Support his front, and Oaths bring up the rear:
 And under his, and under Archer's wing,
 Gaming and Grab-street skulk behind the King.

O! when shall rise a Monarch all our own,
 And I, a Nursing-mother, rock the throne;
 'Twixt Prince and People close the Curtain draw,
 Shade him from Light, and cover him from Law;
 Fatten the Courtier, starve the learned band,
 And suckle Armies, and dry-nurse the land:
 'Till Senates nod to Lullabies divine,
 And all be sleep, as at an Ode of thine.

IMITATIONS.

Ver. 304. *The creeping, dirty, courtly ivy join.*]

“ —Quorum Imagines lambunt

“ Hederae sequaces.

Perf.

Ver. 311. *O! when shall rise a monarch, &c.*] Boileau, Lutrin, Chant. II.

“ Helas! qu'est devenu ce tems, cet heureux tems,

“ Ou les Rois s'honoroient du nom de Faineans; &c.

She ceas'd. Then swells the Chapel-royal throat;
 God save king Gibber! mounts in every note,
 Familiar White's, God save king Colley! cries;
 God save king Colley! Drury-lane replies;
 To Needham's quick the voice triumphal rode,
 But pious Needham dropt the name of God;
 Back to the Devil the last echoes roll,
 And Coll! each Butcher roars at Hockley-hole.
 So when Jove's block descended from on high
 (As sings thy great fore-father Ogilby)
 Loud thunder to its bottom shook the bog,
 And the hoarse nation croak'd, God save king Log.

THE END OF THE FIRST BOOK.

UNCLAD

BOOK THE SECOND

A R O G Y M E N T

The King being proclaimed, the solemnity is graced with public Games and sports of various kinds; not instituted by the Hero, as by Fennas in Virgil, but for greater honour by the Goddess in person (in like manner as the names Pythis, Isthmias, etc. were actually said to be ordained by the Gods, and as their hostess appearing, according to Homer, Od. xiv. proposed the prizes in honour of her son Achilles.) Hither flock the Poets and Critics, attended, as is but just, with their Patrons and Bookellers. The Goddess is first pleased, for her sport, to propose games to the Bookellers, and forthwith up the phantom of a Poet, which they contend to overthrow. The Races described, with their divers accidents. Next, the game for a Poetess. Then follow the exercises for the Poets, of making, versifying, rhyming. The first holds forth the arts and practices of Delectation, the second of Disputation and Fiction Poets, the third of profound, dark, and dry poetry. Lastly, for the Gods, the Goddess proposes a game of hazard, and Fennas, not being able to play, is obliged to watch the game.

T H E

D U N C I A D.

BOOK THE SECOND.

A R G U M E N T.

THE King being proclaimed, the solemnity is graced with public Games and sports of various kinds; not instituted by the Hero, as by Æneas in Virgil, but for greater honour by the Goddess in person (in like manner as the games Pythia, Isthmia, etc. were antiently said to be ordained by the Gods, and as Thetis herself appearing, according to Homer, Od. xxiv. proposed the prizes in honour of her son Achilles.) Hither flock the Poets and Critics, attended, as is but just, with their Patrons and Booksellers. The Goddess is first pleased, for her disport, to propose games to the *Booksellers*, and setteth up the phantom of a Poet, which they contend to overtake. The Races described, with their divers accidents. Next, the game for a *Poetess*. Then follow the exercises for the *Poets*, of *tickling*, *vociferating*, *diving*: The first holds forth the arts and practices of *Dedicators*, the second of *Disputants* and *fustian Poets*, the third of *profound*, *dark*, and *dirty party-writers*. Lastly, for the *Critics*, the Goddess proposes (with great propriety) an Exercise, not of their parts, but their patience, in hearing the works of two voluminous Authors, one in *verse*, and the

other in *prose*, deliberately read, without sleeping. The various effects of which, with the several degrees and manners of their operation, are here set forth; till the whole number, not of Critics only but of Spectators, actors, and all present, fall asleep; which naturally and necessarily ends the games.

HIGH on a gorgeous seat, that far out-shone
 Henley's gilt tub, or Fleckno's Irish throne,
 Or that where on her Curls the Public pours,
 All-bounteous, fragrant Grains and Golden shows,
 Great Cibber fate: The proud Parnassian faeer,
 The conscious Simper, and the jealous loer,
 Mix on his look: All eyes direct their rays
 On him, and crowds turn Coxcombs as they gaze.
 His Peers shine round him with reflected grace,
 New edge their dulness, and new-bronze their face
 So from the Sun's broad beam, in shallow urns
 Heaven's twinkling Sparks draw light, and polish
 their horns.

IMITATIONS.

Ver. 1. *High on a gorgeous seat*] Parody of Milton, book ii.

- " High on a throne of royal state, that far
- " Outshone the wealth of Ormus and of Ind,
- " Or where the gorgeous East with richest hand
- " Showers on her kings Barbaric pearl and gold,
- " Satan exalted fate;—

THE DUNCIAD. II.

9

Not with more glee, by hands Pontific crown'd,
 With scarlet hats wide-waving circled round,
 Rome in her Capitol saw Querno sit,
 Thron'd on seven hills, the Antichrist of Wit.
 And now the Queen, to glad her sons, proclaims
 By herald Hawkers, high heroic Games.
 They summon all her Race: An endless band
 Pours forth, and leaves unpeopled half the land.
 A motley mixture! in long wigs, in bags,
 In silks, in crapes, in Garters, and in rags,
 From drawing-rooms, from colleges, from garrets,
 On horse, on foot, and hacks, and gilded chariots;
 All who true Dunces in her cause appear'd,
 And all who knew those Dunces to reward.

Amid that area wide they took their stand,
 Where the tall May-pole once o'er-look'd the Strand,
 But now (so ANNE and Piety ordain)
 A Church collects the saints of Drury-lane.

With Authors, Stationers obey'd the call,
 (The field of glory is a field for all)
 Glory and gain, th' industrious tribe provoke;
 And gentle Dulness ever loves a joke.

A Poet's form she plac'd before their eyes,
 And bade the nimblest racer seize the prize;

IMITATIONS.

Ver. 35. *A Poet's form she plac'd before their eyes,*
 This is what Juno does to deceive Turnus, *Æd. x.*

"Tum Dea nube cava, tenuem sine viribus umbram

VOL. IV.

H

†

No meagre, muse-rid mope, adust and thin,
 In a dun night-gown of his own loose skin;
 But such a bulk as no twelve bards could raise,
 'Twelve starv'ling bards of these degen'rate days.
 All as a partridge plump, full-fed and fair,
 She form'd this image of well-body'd air;
 With pert flat eyes she window'd well its head;
 A brain of feathers, and a heart of lead;
 And empty words she gave, and sounding strain,
 But senseless, lifeless! idol void and vain!
 Never was dash'd out, at one lucky hit,
 A fool, so just a copy of a wit;

IMITATIONS.

" In faciem Æneae (visu mirabile monstrum?)

" Dardaniis ornat telis, clypeumque júbisque

" Divini assimilat capitis——

" ——Dat inania verba,

" Dat sine mente sonum——

The reader will observe how exactly some of the verses suit with their allegorical application here to Plagiarist: There seems to me a great propriety in this Episode, where such an one is imaged by a phantom that deludes the grasp of the expecting bookseller.

Ver. 39. But such a bulk as no twelve bards could raise.]

" Vix illud læti bis sex——

381 " Qualia nunc hominum producit corpora telles.

Virg. Æn. vi.

So like, that critics said, and courtiers swore,
A Wit it was, and call'd the phantom More.

All gaze with ardour : Some a poet's name,
Others a sword-knot and lac'd suit inflame.

But lofty Lintot in the circle rose :

" This prize is mine ; who tempt it are my foes ;

" With me began this genius, and shall end."

He spoke : and who with Lintot shall contend ?

Fear held them mute. Alone, untaught to fear,
Stood dauntless Curl ; " Behold that rival here !

" The race by vigour, not by vaunts, is won ;

" So take the hindmost, Hell," (he said) and run.

Swift as a bard the Bailiff leaves behind,

He left huge Lintot, and out-stript the wind.

As when a dab-chick waddles thro' the copse

On feet and wings, and flies, and wades, and hops ;

IMITATIONS.

Ver. 60. *So take the hindmost, Hell,*]

" Occupet extremum scabies ; mihi turpe relin-
qui est." Hor. de Arte.

Ver. 61, &c. Something like this is in Homer, II.

no. ver. 220. of Diomed. Two different manners of
the same author in his similes are also imitated in the
two following ; the first, of the Bailiff, is short, una-
dorned, and (as Critics well know) from *familiar life* ;
the second, of the Water-fowl, more extended, pictu-
resque, and from *rural life*. The 59th verse is likewise
a literal translation of one in Homer.

So lab'ring on, with shoulders, hands and head,
 Wide as a wind-mill all his figure spread,
 With arms expanded Bernard rows his state,
 And left-legg'd Jacob seems to emulate.
 Full in the middle way there stood a lake,
 Which Curl's Corinna chanc'd that morn to make;
 (Such was her wont, at early dawn to drop
 Her evening cates before his neighbour's shop)
 Here fortun'd Curl to slide; loud shout the band,
 And Bernard! Bernard! rings thro' all the Strand.

IMITATIONS.

Ver. 64, 65. *On feet and wings, and flies, and wades,
 and hops;*

So lab'ring on, with shoulders, hands, and head,]

“ ——— So eagerly the Fiend

“ O'er bog, o'er steep, through streight, rough,
 dense or rare,

“ With head, hands, wings, or feet pursues his way,

“ And swims, or sinks, or wades, or creeps, or
 flies.” Milton, Book 2.

Ver. 67, 68. *With arms expanded, Bernard rows his
 state,*

And left-legg'd Jacob seems to emulate.]

Milton, of the motion of the Swan,

“ ——— rows

“ His state with oary feet.”

And Dryden, of another's—*With two left legs—*

Ver. 73. *Here fortun'd Curl to slide;]*

Obscene with filth the miscreant lies bewray'd,
 Fall'n in the plash his wickedness had laid :
 Then first (if Poets aught of truth declare)
 The caitiff Vaticide conceiv'd a pray'r.

Hear Jove! whose name my bards and I adore,
 As much at least as any God's, or more;
 And him and his, if more devotion warms,
 Down with the Bible, up with the Pope's Arms.

A place there is, betwixt earth, air, and seas,
 Where, from Ambrosia, Jove retires for ease.
 There in his seat two spacious vents appear,
 On this he sits, to that he leans his ear,
 And hears the various vows of fond mankind;
 Some beg an eastern, some a western wind :

IMITATIONS.

" Labitur infelix, caesis ut forte juvenis

" Fusus humum viridesque super madefecerat

" herbas——

" Concidit, immundoque fimo, sacroque cruore."

Virg. Æn. v. of Nisus.

Ver. 74. *And Bernard! Bernard!]*

" —Ut littus, Hyla, Hyla, omne sonaret."

Virg. Eccl. vi.

Ver. 83. *A place there is, betwixt earth, air, and
 seas,]*

" Orbe locus medio est, inter terrasque, fretumque,

" Coelestesque plagas——

Ovid. Metam. xii.

All vain petitions, mounting to the sky,
With reams abundant this abode supply;
Amus'd he reads, and then returns the bills
Sign'd with that Ichor which from Gods distils.

In office here fair Cloacina stands,
And ministers to Jove with purest hands.
Forth from the heap she pick'd her Vot'ry's pray'r,
And plac'd it next him, a distinction rare!
Oft had the Goddess heard her servant's call,
From her black grottos near the Temple-wall,
List'ning delighted to the jest-unclean
Of link-boys vile, and watermen obscene;
Where as he fish'd her nether-realms for Wit,
She oft had favour'd him, and favours yet.
Renew'd by ordure's sympathetic force,
As oil'd with magic juices for the course,
Vig'rous he rises; from th' effluvia strong
Imbibes new life, and scours and stinks along;
Re-passes Lintot, vindicates the race,
Nor heeds the brown dishonours of his face.

And now the victor stretch'd his eager hand
Where the tall Nothing stood, or seem'd to stand;
A shapeless shade, it melted from his sight,
Like forms in clouds, or visions of the night.

IMITATIONS.

Ver. 108. *Nor heeds the brown dishonours of his face.*

“ ———faciem ostentabat, et udo

“ Turpia membra fimo——

Virg. *Æn.* v.

Ver. 111. *A shapeless shade, &c.*

To seize his papers, Curl, was next thy care;
 His papers light, fly diverse, tost in air;
 Songs, sonnets, epigrams the winds uplift,
 And whisk them back to Evans, Young, and Swift.
 Th'embroider'd suit at least he deem'd his prey,
 That suit an unpaid taylor snatch'd away.
 No rag, no scrap, of all the beau or wit,
 That once so flutter'd, and that once so writ.

Heaven rings with laughter: Of the laughter vain,
 Dulness, good Queen, repeats the jest again.
 Three wicked imps, of her own Grub-street choir,
 She deck'd like Congreve, Addison, and Prior;
 Mears, Warner, Wilkins run: delusive thought!
 Breval, Bond, Befaleel, the varlets caught.
 Curl stretches after Gay, but Gay is gone,
 He grasps an empty Joseph for a John:
 So Proteus, hunted in a nobler shape,
 Became, when seiz'd, a puppy, or an ape.

To him the Goddess: Son! thy grief lay down
 And turn this whole illusion on the town:

IMITATIONS.

" ——— Effugit imago

" Par levibus ventis, volucrique simillima somno.

Virg. Æn. vi.

Ver. 114. *His papers light, fly diverse, tost in air;*]

Virg. Æn. vi. of the Sibyl's leaves;

" Carmina——

" Turbata volent rapidis ludibria ventis.

As the sage dame, experienc'd in her trade,
 By names of Toasts retails each batter'd Jade;
 (Whence hapless Monsieur much complains at Paris
 Of Wrongs from Dutcheßes and Lady Maries;)
 Be thine, my Stationer! this magie gift;
 Cook shall be Prior, and Concanen, Swift:
 So shall each hostile name become our own,
 And we too boast our Garth and Addison.

With that she gave him, piteous of his case,
 (Yet smiling at his rueful length of face)
 A shaggy Tap'stry, worthy to be spread,
 On Codrus' old, or Duntön's modern bed;
 Instructive work! whose wry-mouth'd portraiture
 Display'd the fates her confessors endure.
 Earless on high, stood unabash'd De Foe,
 And Tutchin flagrant from the scourge below.
 There Ridpath, Roper, cudgell'd might ye view,
 'The very worsted still look'd black and blue.
 Himself among the story'd chiefs he spies,
 As, from the blanket, high in air he flies,

IMITATIONS.

Ver. 141. 142. ——— (*piteous of his case,
 Yet smiling at his rueful length of face.*)

“ ——— Risit pater optimus illi. ———

“ Me liceat casum misereri infantis amici —

“ Sic fatus, tergum Gaetuli immane leonis, &c.

Virg. *Æn.* v.

Ver. 151. *Himself among the story'd chiefs he spies,*

And oh! (he cry'd) what street, what lane but knows
Our purgings, pumpings, blanketings, and blows?

In ev'ry loom our labours shall be seen,

And the fresh vomit run for ever green!

See in the circle next, Eliza plac'd,

Two babes of love close clinging to her waist;

Fair as before her works she stands confess'd,

In flow'rs and pearls by bounteous Kirkall dress'd.

The Goddeffs then: "Who best can send on high

"The salient spout, far streaming to the sky;

"His be yon Juno of majestic size,

"With cow-like udders, and with ox-like eyes.

IMITATIONS.

"Se quoque principibus permixtum agnovit A-
"chivis——

"Constitit, et lacrymans: Quis jam locus, in-
"quit Achate!

"Quae regio in terris nostri non plena laboris?

Virg. Æn. i.

Ver. 156. *And the fresh vomit run for ever green!]*

A parody on these lines of a late noble author:

"His bleeding arm had furnish'd all their rooms,

"And run for ever purple in the looms.

Ver. 158. *Two babes of love close clinging to her
waist;]*

"Cressa genus, Pholoë, geminique sub ubere
"nati."

Virg. Æn. v.

Ver. 163.

——yon Juno——

" This China Jordan let the chief o'ercome
 " Replenish, not ingloriously, at home."

Osborne and Curl accept the glorious strife,
 ('Tho' this his Son dissuades, and that his Wife.)
 One on his manly confidence relies,
 One on his vigour and superior size.
 First Osborne lean'd against his letter'd post;
 It rose, and labour'd to a curve at most.
 So Jove's bright bow displays its wat'ry round,
 (Sure sign, that no spectator shall be drown'd)

IMITATIONS.

With cow-like udders, and with ox-like eyes.]

In allusion to Homer's Βούπρις πότνια Ἥρη.

Ver. 165. *This China Jordan]*

Tertius Argolica hac galea contentus abito.

Virg. *Æn.* vi.

In the games of Homer, *Iliad* xxiii. there are set together, as prizes, a Lady and a Kettle, as in this place Mrs. Haywood and a Jordan. But there the preference in value is given to the Kettle, at which Mad. Dacier is justly displeased. Mrs. H. is here treated with distinction, and acknowledged to be the more valuable of the two.

Ver. 169, 170. *One on his manly confidence relies,
 One on his vigour]*

" Ille—melior motu, fretusque juvena;

" Hic membris et molle valens. Virg. *Æn.* v.

Ver. 173, 174. *So Jove's bright bow——
 (Sure sign,——*

A second effort brought but new disgrace,
 The wild Maeander wash'd the Artist's face :
 Thus the small jett, which hasty hands unlock,
 Spirts in the gard'ner's eyes who turns the cock.
 Not so from shameless Curl; impetuous spread
 The stream, and smocking flourish'd o'er his head.
 So (sam'd like thee for turbulence and horns)
 Eridanus his humble fountain scorns;

IMITATIONS.

The words of Homer, of the Rain-bow, in Iliad xi.

— ὣς τε Κρονίων

Ἐν νεφέῃ στήριξε, τέρας μερόπων ἀνθρώπων.

Que le fils de Saturne a fondez dans les nûes, pour
 être dans tous les âges une signe à tous les mortels.

Dacier.

Ver. 181, 182. So (sam'd like thee for turbulence and
 horns)

Eridanus]

Virgil mentions these two qualifications of Eridanus,
 Georgic iv.

“ Et gemina auratus taurino cornua vultu,

“ Eridanus, quo non alius per pingua culta

“ In mare purpureum violentior influit amnis.

The Poets fabled of this river Eridanus, that it flowed
 thro' the skies. Denham, Cooper's Hill :

“ Heaven her Eridanus no more shall boast,

“ Whose fame in thine, like lesser currents lost;

“ Thy nobler stream shall visit Jove's abodes,

“ To shine among the stars, and bathe the Gods.

Thro' half the heavens he pours th' exalted urn;
His rapid waters in their passage burn.

Swift as it mounts, all follow with their eyes;
Still happy impudence obtains the prize.
Thou triumph'st Victor, of the high-wrought day,
And the pleas'd dame, soft-smiling, lead'st away.
Osborne, thro' perfect modesty o'ercome,
Crown'd with the Jordan, walks contented home.

But now for Authors nobler palms remain;
Room for my Lord! three jockeys in his train;
Six huntsmen with a shout precede his chair:
He grins, and looks broad nonsense with a stare.
His honour's meaning Dulness thus express,
"He wins this Patron, who can tickle best."

He chinks his purse, and takes his seat of state:
With ready quills the Dedicators wait;
Now at his head the dextrous task commence,
And, instant, fancy feels th'imputed sense;
Now gentle touches wanton o'er his face,
He struts Adonis, and affects grimace;
Rolli the feather to his ear conveys,
Then his nice taste directs our Operas:
Bently his mouth with classic flattery opes,
And the puff'd orator bursts out in tropes.
But Welsted most the Poet's healing balm
Strives to extract from his soft, giving palm;

VARIATIONS.

Ver. 207. In the first Edit.

"But Oldmixon the Poet's healing balm," &c.

Unlucky Wellsted! thy unfeeling master,
The more thou ticklest, gripes his fist the faster.

While thus each hand promotes the pleasing pain,
And quick sensations skip from vein to vein;
A youth unknown to Phoebus, in despair,
Puts his large refuge all in heav'n and pray'r.
What force have pious vows! The Queen of Love
Her sister sends, her vot'ress, from above.
As taught by Venus, Paris learnt the art
To touch Achilles' only tender part;
Secure, thro' her, the noble prize to carry,
He marches off, his Graces's Secretary.

Now turn to diff'rent sports (the Goddess cries)
And learn, my sons, the wond'rous pow'r of Noise.
To move, to raise, to ravish ev'ry heart,
With Shakespear's nature, or with Johnson's art,
Let others aim: 'Tis yours to shake the soul
With thunder rumbling from the mustard bowl,
With horns and trumpets now to madness swell,
Now sink in sorrows with a tolling bell!

IMITATIONS.

Vcr. 223, 225. *To move, to raise, &c.*

Let others aim: 'Tis yours to shake, &c.]

"Excudent alii spirantia mollius aera,

"Credo equidem, vivos ducent de marmore vul-
tus, &c.

"Tu regere imperio populos, Romane, memento,

"Hae tibi erunt artes——

Such happy arts attention can command,
 When fancy flags, and sense is at a stand.
 Improve we these. Three Cat-calls be the bribe
 Of him, whose chatt'ring shames the Monkey tribe.
 And his this Drum, whose hoarse heroic base
 Drowns the loud clarion of the braying Ass.

Now thousand tongues are heard in one loud din
 The Monkey-mimics rush discordant in;
 'Twas chatt'ring, grinning, mouthing, jabb'ring all,
 And noise and Norton, Brangling and Breval,
 Dennnis and Dissonance, and captious Art,
 And Snip snap short, and Interruption smart,
 And Demonstration thin, and Theses thick,
 And Major, Minor, and Conclusion quick.
 Hold (cry'd the Queen) A cat-call each shall win;
 Equal your merits! equal is your din!
 But that this well-disputed game may end,
 Sound forth, my Brayers, and the welkin rend.

As when the long-ear'd milky mothers wait
 At some sick miser's triple-bolted gate,
 For their defrauded, absent foals they make
 A moan so loud, that all the gild awake;

IMITATIONS.

Ver. 243. *A Cat-call each shall win, &c.*

“ Non nostrum inter vos tantas componere lites,

“ Et vitula tu dignus, et hic—— Virg. Ecl. iii.

Ver. 247. *As when the, &c.* A simile with a long
 tail, in the manner of Homer.

Sore sighs sir Gilbert, starting at the bray,
 From dreams of millions, and three groats to pay:
 So swells each wind-pipe; Afs intones to Afs,
 Harmonic twang! of leather, horn, and brass;
 Such as from lab'ring lungs th' Enthusiast blows;
 High found, attemper'd to the vocal nose;
 Or such as bellow from the deep Divine; [thine.
 There, Webster! peal'd thy voice, and Whitefield!
 But far o'er all, sonorous Blackmore's strain;
 Walls, steeples, skies, bray back to him again.
 In Tot'nam fields, the Brethren, with amaze,
 Prick all their ears up, and forget to graze!

IMITATIONS.

Ver. 260. *Bray back to him again.*] A figure of speech
 taken from Virgil:

"Et vox assensu nemorum ingeminata remugit

Georg. iii.

"He hears his numerous herds low o'er the plain,

"While neighb'ring hills low back to them again.

Cowley.

The poet here celebrated, Sir R. B. delighted much in
 the word *bray*, which he endeavoured to ennoble by ap-
 plying it to the found of *Armour, War, &c.* In imita-
 tion of him, and strengthened by his authority, our
 author has here admitted it into Heroic poetry.

Ver. 262. *Prick all their ears up, and forget to
 graze;*]

"Immemor herbarum quos est mirata juvenca.

Virg. Ecl. viii.

Long Chanc'ry-lane retentive rolls the sound,
 And courts to courts return it round and round;
 'Thames wafts it thence to Rufus' roaring hall,
 And Hungerford re-echoes bawl for bawl.
 All hail him victor in both gifts of song,
 Who sings so loudly, and who sings so long.

This labour past, by Bridwell all descend,
 (As morning pray'r, and flagellation end)
 To where Fleet-ditch with disemboguing streams
 Rolls the large tribute of dead dogs to 'Thames,
 The King of dykes! than whom no sluice of mud
 With deeper fable blots the silver flood.

"Here strip, my children!—here at once leap in,
 "Here prove who best can dash thro' thick and thin,
 "And who the most in love of dirt excel,
 "Or dark dexterity of groping well.

IMITATIONS.

The progress of the sound from place to place, and the scenery here of the bordering regions, Tottenham-fields, Chancery-lane, the Thames, Westminster-hall, and Hungerford stairs, are imitated from Virgil, *En. vii.* on the sounding the horn of Alecto:

"Audiit et Triviae longe lacus, audiit amnis

"Sulphurea Nar albus aqua, fontesque Velini," &c.

Ver. 273. The king of dykes! &c.]

"Fluviorum rex Eridanus,

"—quo non alius, per pingua culta,

"In mare purpureum violentior influit amnis. *Virg.*

"Who flings most filth, and wide pollutes around

"The stream, be his the weekly Journals bound;

"A pig of lead to him who dives the best;

"A peck of coals a-piece shall glad the rest."

In naked majesty Oldmixon stands,

And Milo-like surveys his arms and hands;

Then sighing thus, "And am I now three-score?

"Ah, why, ye Gods! should two and two make four?"

He said, and climb'd a stranded lighter's height,

Shot to the black abyfs, and plung'd downright.

The Senior's judgment all the croud admire,

Who but to sink the deeper, rose the higher.

Next Smedley div'd; slow circles dimpl'd o'er

The quaking mud, that clos'd and op'd no more.

All look, all sigh, and call on Smedley lost;

Smedley in vain resounds thro' all the coast.

Then * * essay'd; scarce vanish'd out of sight,

He buoys up instant, and returns to light:

IMITATIONS.

Ver. 285. *Then sighing thus, And am I now three-score? &c.*

"—Fletque Milon senior, cum spectat inanes

"Herculeis similes, fluidos pendere lacertos.

Ovid.

Ver. 293. *And call on Smedley lost; &c.*

"Alcides wept in vain for Hylas lost,

"Hylas, in vain resounds thro' all the coast.

Lord Roscom. Translat. of Virgil's vi. Ecl.

He bears no tokens of the fabler streams,
And mounts far off among the Swans of Thames.

True to the bottom, see Concanen creep,
A cold, long-winded, native of the deep:
If perseverance gain the Diver's prize,
Not everlasting Blackmore this denies:
No noise, no stir, no motion can'st thou make,
Th' unconscious stream sleeps o'er thee like a lake.
Next plung'd a feeble, but a desp'rate pack,
With each a sickly brother at his back:
Sons of Day! just buoyant on the flood,
Then number'd with the puppies in the mud.
Ask ye their names? I could as soon disclose
The names of these blind puppies as of those.
Fast by, like Niobe (her children gone)
Sits Mother Osborne, stupify'd to stone!
And monumental Brass this record bears,
"These are,—ah no! these were the Gazetteers"
Not so bold Arnall; with a weight of skull,
Furious he drives: precipitately dull.

VARIATIONS.

After ver. 298. in the first Edit. followed these,
Far worse unhappy D——r succeeds,
He search'd for coral, but he gather'd weeds:

IMITATIONS.

Ver. 302. *Not everlasting Blackmore*]

"Nec bonus Eurytion praelato invidit honori, &c.
Virg. *Æn.*

Whirlpools and storms his circling arm invest,
 With all the might of gravitation blest.
 No crab more active in the dirty dance,
 Downward to climb, and backward to advance,
 He brings up half the bottom on his head,
 And loudly claims the Journal and the Lead.

The plunging Prelate, and his pond'rous Grace,
 With holy envy gave one Layman place.
 When lo! a burst of thunder shook the flood
 Slow rose a form, in majesty of Mud;
 Shaking the horrors of his sable brows,
 And each ferocious feature grim with ooze.
 Greater he looks, and more than mortal stares:
 Then thus the wonders of the deep declares.

First he relates, how sinking to the chin,
 Smit with his mien, the Mud-nymphs suck'd him in:
 How young Lutetia, softer than the down,
 Nigrina black, and Merdamante brown,
 Vy'd for his love in jetty bow'rs below,
 As Hylas fair was ravish'd long ago.
 Then sung, how shown him by the Nut-brown maids
 A branch of Styx here rises from the Shades.
 That tinctur'd as it runs with Lethe's streams,
 And wafting vapours from the land of dreams,

IMITATIONS.

Ver. 329. *Greater he looks, and more than mortal
 stares:]* Virg. *Æn.* vi. of the Sibyl:

"——majorque videri,

"Nec mortale sonans——"

(As under seas Alpheus' secret sluice
 Bears Pitha's off'ring to his Arethuse)
 Pours into Thames: and hence the mingled wave
 Intoxicates the pert, and lulls the grave:
 Here brisker vapours o'er the temple creep,
 There, all from Pauls to Ald-gate drink and sleep.

Thence to the banks where rev'rend bards repose,
 They led him soft; each rev'rend Bard arose;
 And Milbourn chief, deputed by the rest,
 Gave him the Cassock, surcingle, and vest.

"Receive (he said) these robes which once were mine,
 "Dulness is sacred in a sound divine."

He ceas'd, and spread the robe; the croud confess
 The rev'rend Flamen in his lengthen'd dress.

Around him wide a sable Army stand,
 A low-born cell-bred, selfish, servile band,
 Prompt or to guard or stab, to faint or damn,
 Heav'n's Swiss, who fight for any God, or Man.

Thro' Lud's fam'd gates, along the well-known Fleet
 Rolls the black troop, and overshades the street,

IMITATIONS.

Ver. 347. *Thence to the Banks, &c.]*

"Tum canit errantem Permessi ad flumina Gallum;

"Utque viro Phoebi chorus assurrexerit omnis;

"Ut Linus haec illi divino carmine pastor,

"Floribus atque apio crines ornatus amaro,

"Dixerit, Host tibi dant calamos, en accipe, Musae,

"Ascræo quos ante feni—&c.

Till show'rs of Sermons, Characters, Essays,
 In circling fleeces whiten all the ways:
 So clouds replenish'd from some bog below,
 Mount in dark volumes and descend in snow.
 Here stopt the Goddess; and in Pomp proclaims
 A gentler exercise to close the games.
 "Ye Critics! in whose heads, as equal scales
 I weigh what author's heaviness prevails;
 Which most conduce to sooth the soul in slumbers;
 My H—ly's periods, or my Blackmore's numbers;
 Attend the trial we propose to make:
 If there be man, who o'er such works can wake,
 Sleep's all subduing charms who dare defy,
 And boasts Ulysses' ear with Argus' eye;
 To him we grant our amplest pow'rs to sit
 Judge of all present, past, and future wit;
 To cavil, censure, dictate, right or wrong,
 Full and eternal privilege of tongue."
 Three College Sophs, and three pert Templars came,
 The same their talents, and their tastes the same;
 Each prompt to query, answer, and debate,
 And smit with love of Poesy and Prate.

 IMITATIONS.

Ver. 380, 381. *The same their talents—Each
 prompt, &c.]*

"Ambo florentes aetatibus, Arcades Ambo,

"Et certare pares, et respondere parati."

Virg. Ecl. vi.

The pond'rous books two gentle readers bring!
 The heroes sit, the vulgar form a ring.
 The clam'rous crowd is hush'd with mugs of Mum,
 'Till all tun'd equal, send a gen'ral hum.
 Then mount the Clerks, and in one lazy tone
 Thro' the long, heavy, painful page drawl on;
 Soft creeping, words on words, the sense compose,
 At ev'ry line they stretch, they yawn, they doze.
 As to soft gales top-heavy pines bow low
 Their heads, and lift them as they cease to blow;
 Thus oft they rear, and oft the head decline,
 As breathe, or pause, by fits, the airs divine.
 And now to this side, now to that they nod,
 As verse, or prose, infuse the drowzy God.
 Thrice Budgel aim'd to speak, but thrice suppress'd
 By potent Arthur, knock'd his chin and breast.
 Toland and Tindal, prompt at priests to jeer,
 Yet silent bow'd to *Christ's No kingdom here.*

VARIATIONS.

Ver. 399. in the first Edit. it was,
 Collins and Tindal, prompt at Priests to jeer.

IMITATIONS.

Ver. 382. *And smit with love of Poesy and Prate.]*
 " Smit with the love of sacred song—— Milt.
 Ver. 384. *The heroes sit, the vulgar form a ring.]*
 " *Confedere duces, et vulgi stante corona.*
 Ovid. Met. xiii.

Who sat the nearest, by the words o'ercome,
 Slept first; the distant noded to the hum.
 Then down are roll'd the books; stretch'd o'er 'em lies
 Each gentle clerk, and muttering seals his eyes.
 As what a Dutchman plumps into the lakes,
 One circle first, and then a second makes;
 What dulness dropt among her sons impress
 Like motion from one circle to the rest:
 So from the mid-moſt the nutation ſpreads
 Round and more round, o'er all the *ſea of heads*.
 At laſt Centlivre felt her voice to fail,
 Motteux himſelf unfinish'd left his tale,
 Boyer the State, and Law the Stage gave o'er,
 Morgan and Mandevil could prate no more;
 Norton, from Daniel and Oſtroea ſprung,
 Bleſſ'd with his father's front, and mother's tongue,
 Hung ſilent down his never-blushing head;
 And all was hush'd, as Folly's ſelf lay dead.

VARIATIONS.

Ver. 413. in the firſt Edit. it was,
 T—s and T— the Church and State gave o'er,
 Nor *** talk'd nor S— whiſper'd more.

IMITATIONS.

Ver. 410. *O'er all the ſea of heads.*]

“ A waving ſea of heads was round me ſpread;

“ And ſtill freſh ſtreams the gazing deluge fed.

Blackm. Job.

Thus the soft gifts of sleep conclude the day,
 And stretch'd on bulks, as usual, Poets lay.
 Why should I sing, what bards the nightly Muse
 Did slumb'ring visit, and convey to stews;
 Who prouder march'd with magistrates in state,
 To some fam'd round-house, ever-open gate!
 How Henley lay inspir'd beside a sink,
 And to mere mortals seem'd a Priest in drink:
 While others, timely, to the neighb'ring Fleet
 (Haunt of the Muses) made their safe retreat.

IMITATIONS.

Ver. 418. *And all was hush'd as Folly's self lay dead*
 Alludes to Dryden's verse in the Indian Emperor:
 "All things are hush'd, as Nature's self lay dead"

THE END OF THE SECOND BOOK.

THE D U N C I A D:

BOOK THE THIRD.

A R G U M E N T.

AFTER the other persons are disposed in their proper places of rest, the Goddess transports the King to her Temple, and there lays him to slumber with his head on her lap; a position of marvellous virtue, which causeth all the Visions of wild enthusiasts, projectors, politicians, inamoratos, castle-builders, chemists, and poets. He is immediately carried on the wings of Fancy, and led by a mad Poetical Sibyl, to the *Elysian shade*; where, on the banks of *Lethe*, the souls of the dull are dipped by *Bavius*, before their entrance into this world. There he is met by the Ghost of *Settle*, and by him made acquainted with the wonders of the place, and with those which he himself is destined to perform. He takes him to a *Mount of Vision*, from whence he shews him the past triumphs of the Empire of Dulness, then the present, and lastly the future: how small a part of the world was ever conquered by Science, how soon those conquests were stopped, and those very nations again reduced to her dominion. Then distinguishing the Island of *Great Bri-*

tain, shews by what aids, by what persons, and by what degrees it shall be brought to her Empire. Some of the persons he causes to pass in review before his eyes, describing each by his proper figure, character, and qualifications. On a sudden the Scene shifts, and a vast number of miracles and prodigies appear, utterly surprising and unknown to the King himself, 'till they are explained to be the wonders of his own reign now commencing. On this subject *Settle* breaks into a congratulation, yet not unmixed with concern, that his own times were but the types of these. He prophesies how first the nation shall be over-run with *Forces*, *Opers*, and *Shows*; how the Throne of Dulness shall be advanced over the *Theatres*, and set up even in *Court*: then how her Sons shall preside in the *Academy of Arts and Sciences*: giving a glimpse, or Pegasus-sight of the future Fulness of her Glory, the accomplishment whereof is the subject of the fourth and last book.

BUT in her Temple's last recess inclos'd,
 On Dulness' lap th' Anointed head repos'd.
 Him close she curtains round with Vapours blue,
 And soft besprinkles with Cimmerian dew,
 Then raptures high the seat of Sense o'erflow,
 Which only heads refin'd from Reason know.
 Hence, from the straw where *Bedlam's* Prophet nods,
 He hears loud Oracles, and talks with Gods:

Hence the Fool's Paradise, the Statesman's Scheme,
The air-built Castle, and the golden Dream,
The maid's romantic wish, the Chemist's flame,
And Poet's vision of eternal Fame.

And now, on Fancy's easy wing convey'd,
The King descending, views th'Elysian Shade.

A slip-shod Sibyl led his steps along,

In lofty madness meditating song;

Her tresses staring from Poetic dreams,

And never wash'd, but in Castalia's streams,

Taylor, their better Charon, lends an oar,

(Once swan of Thames, tho' now he sings no more.)

Amov'es, propitious still to Blockheads, bows;

And Shadwell nods the Poppy on his brows.

Here, in a dusky vale where Lethe rolls,

Old Balaus sits, to dip poetic souls,

IMITATIONS.

Ver. 9. Hence from the straw where Bedlam's Prophet nods,

He hears loud Oracles, and talks with Gods:]

" Et varias audit voces, fruiturque deorum

" Colloquio—— Virg. Æn. viii.

Ver. 15. A slip-shod Sibyl, &c.]

" Conclamat Vates——

" ——furens antro se immisit aperto.

Virg.

Ver. 23. Here in a dusky vale, &c.]

" ——Videt Æneas in valle reducta

" Seclusum nemus——

And blunt the sense, and fit it for a skull
Of solid proof, impenetrably dull:
Instant, when dipt, away they wing their flight,
Where Brown and Mears unbar the gates of Light,
Demand new bodies, and in calf's array,
Rush to the world impatient, for the day.
Millions and Millions on these banks he views,
Thick as the stars of night, or morning dews,
As thick as bees o'er vernal blossoms fly,
As thick as eggs at Ward in Pillory.

IMITATIONS.

"Lethaeumque domos placidas qui praenatat
nem, &c.

"Hunc circum innumerae gentes, &c.
Virg. Aen. vi.

Ver. 24. *Old Bavius fits, to dip poetic souls,*] Alluding
ing to the story of Thetis dipping Achilles to render
him impenetrable:

"At pater Anchises penitus convalle virenti

"Inclusas animas, superumque ad lumen ituras,

"Lustrabat—— Virg. Aen. vi.

Ver. 28. *unbar the gates of Light,*] An Hemistic of
Milton.

Ver. 31, 32. *Millions and Millions—Thick as the
stars, &c.]*

"Quam multa in silvis autumni frigore primo

"Lapfa cadunt folia, aut ad terram gurgite ab alto

"Quam multae glomerantur aves, &c.

Virg. Aen. vi.

Wond'ring he gaz'd: When lo! a Sage appears,
 By his broad shoulders known, and length of ears,
 Known by the band and suit which Settle wore
 (His only suit) for twice three years before:
 All as the vest, appear'd the wearer's frame,
 Old in new state, another yet the same.
 Bland and familiar as in life, begun
 Thus the great Father to the greater Son:
 'Oh born to see what none can see awake!
 Behold the wonders of th' oblivious Lake.
 Thou, yet unborn, hast touch'd this sacred shore;
 The hand of Bavius drench'd thee o'er and o'er,
 But blind to former as to future fate,
 What mortal knows his pre-existent state?
 Who knows how long thy transmigrating soul
 Might from Boeotian to Boeotian roll?
 How many Dutchmen she vouchsaf'd to thrid?
 How many stages thro' old Monks she rid?
 And all who since, in wild benighted days,
 Mix'd the Owl's ivy with the Poet's bays.
 As man's Maeanders to the vital spring
 Roll all their tides, then back their circles bring;
 Or whirligigs, twirl'd round by skilful swain,
 Suck the thread in, then yield it out again:

IMITATIONS.

Ver. 54. *Mix'd the Owl's ivy with the Poet's bays,*]

— fine tempora circum

“ Inter victrices hederam tibi serpere lauros.

Virg. Ecl. viii.

All nonsense thus, of old or modern date,
 Shall in the centre, from thee circulate.
 For this our Queen unfolds to vision true
 Thy mental eye, for thou hast much to view:
 Old scenes of glory, times long cast behind,
 Shall, first recall'd, rush forward to thy mind:
 Then stretch thy sight o'er all her rising reign,
 And let the past and future fire thy brain.

Ascend this hill, whose cloudly point commands
 Her boundless empire over seas and lands.
 See, round the Poles where keener spangles shine,
 Where spices smoke beneath the burning Line,
 (Earth's wide extremes) her sable flag display'd,
 And all the nations cover'd in her shade!

Far eastward cast thine eye, from whence the Sun
 And orient Science their bright course begun!

IMITATIONS.

Ver. 73. in the former Ed.

Far eastward cast thine eye, from whence the Sun
 And orient Science *at a birth* begun.

But as this was thought to contradict that Line of
 the Introduction,

In eldest times, e'er mortals writ or read,
 which supposes the sun and science did not set out
 together, it was alter'd to *their bright course begun*. But
 this slip, as usual, escaped the gentlemen of the Dun-
 ciad.

One god-like Monarch all that pride confounds,
 He, whose long wall the wand'ring Tartar bounds;
 Heavens! what a pile! whole ages perish there,
 And one bright blaze turns learning into air.

Thence to the south extend thy gladden'd eyes;
 There rival flames with equal glory rise,
 From shelves to shelves see greedy Vulcan roll,
 And lick up all their Physic of the Soul.

How little, mark! that portion of the ball,
 Where, faint at best, the beams of Science fall:
 Soon as they dawn, from Hyperborean skies
 Embodiy'd dark, what clouds of Vandals rise!
 Lo! where Macotis sleeps, and hardly flows
 The freezing Tanais thro' a waste of snows,
 The North by myriads pours her mighty sons,
 Great nurse of Goths, of Alans, and of Huns!
 See Alaric's stern port! the martial frame
 Of Genferic! and Attila's dread name!

IMITATIONS.

Ver. 61, 62. *For this our Queen unfolds to vision true*

Thy mental eye, for thou hast much to view:]

This has a resemblance to that passage in Milton,
 book xi. where the Angel

"To noble sights from Adam's eye remov'd

"The film; then purg'd with Euphrasie and Rue

"The visual nerve—*For he had much to see.*

There is a general allusion in what follows to that
 whole Episode.

See the bold Ostrogoths on Latium fall;
 See the fierce Visigoths on Spain and Gaul!
 See, where the morning gilds the palmy shore
 (The soil that arts and infant letters bore)
 His conqu'ring tribes th' Arabian prophet draws,
 And saving Ignorance enthrones by Laws.
 See Christians, Jews, one heavy Sabbath keep,
 And all the Western world believe and sleep.

Lo! Rome herself, proud mistress now no more
 Of arts, but thund'ring against heathen lore;
 Her gray-hair'd Synods damning books unread,
 And Bacon trembling for his brazen head.
 Padua, with sighs, beholds her Livy burn,
 And even th' Antipodes Vigilus mourn.
 See the Cirque falls, th' unpillar'd Temple rots,
 Streets pav'd with Heroes, Tyber choak'd with Gods:
 'Till Peter's keys some christ'ned Jove adorn,
 And Pan to Moses lends his Pagan horn;
 See graceless Venus to a Virgin turn'd,
 Or Phidias broken, and Apelles burn'd.

Behold yon' Isle, by Palmers, Pilgrims trod,
 Men bearded, bald, cowl'd, uncowl'd, shod, unshod,
 Peel'd, patch'd, and pycball, linscy-wolfey brothers,
 Grave Mummies! sleeveless some, and shirtless others.
 That once was Britain—Happy! had she seen
 No fiercer sons, had Easter never been.

IMITATIONS.

Ver. 117, 118. *Happy!—had Easter never been?*

“Et fortunatam, si nunquam armenta fuissent.

Virg. Ecl. vi.

In peace, great Goddess, ever be ador'd;
 How keen the war, if Dulness draw the sword!
 Thus visit not thy own! on this blest age
 Oh spread thy Influence, but restrain thy Rage!
 And see, my son! the hour is on its way,
 That lifts our Goddess to imperial sway;
 This fav'rite Isle, long sever'd from her reign,
 Dove-like, she gathers to her wings again.
 Now look thro' Fate! behold the scene she draws!
 What aids, what armies to assert her cause!
 See all her progeny, illustrious sight!
 Behold, and count them, as they rise to light.
 As Berecynthia, while her offspring vye
 In homage to the Mother of the sky,
 Surveys around her, in the blest abode,
 An hundred sons, and every son a God:

IMITATIONS.

Ver. 127, 129. *Now look thro' Fate!—See all her Progeny, &c.]*

"Nunc age, Dardaniæ prolem quæ deinde sequatur
 "Gloria, qui maneant Italia de gente nepotes,
 "Illustres animas, nostrumque in nomen ituras,
 "Expeditam. Virg. Æn. vi.

Ver. 131. *As Berecynthia, &c.]*

"Felix prole virum, qualis Berecynthia mater
 "Invehitur curru Phrygiæ turrita per urbes,
 "Laeta deum partu, centum complexa nepotes,
 "Omnes coelicolas, omnes supera alta tenentes.
 Virg. Æn. vi.

Not with less glory mighty Dulness crown'd,
 Shall take thro' Grub-street her triumphant round,
 And her Parnassus glancing o'er at once,
 Behold an hundred sons, and each a Dunce.

Mark first that youth who takes the foremost place
 And thrusts his person full into your face.
 With all thy Father's virtues blest, be born!
 And a new Cibber shall the stage adorn.

A second see, by meeker manners known,
 And modest as the maid that sips alone;
 From the strong fate of drams if thou get free,
 Another Durfey, Ward! shall sing in thee.

IMITATIONS.

Ver. 139. *Mark first that youth, &c.*]

" Ille vides, pura juvenis quae nititur hasta,

" Proxima forte tenet lucis loca——

Virg. Aen. vi.

Ver. 141. *With all thy Father's virtues blest, be born!*] a manner of expression used by Virgil, Eccl. vii.

" Nascere! praeque diem veniens auge, Lucifer——
 As also that of *patriis virtutibus*. Eccl. iv.

It was very natural to shew to the Hero, before all others, his own Son, who had already begun to emulate him in his theatrical, poetical, and even political capacities. By the attitude in which he here presents himself, the reader may be cautioned against ascribing wholly to the Father the merit of the epithet *Cibberian*, which is equally to be understood with an eye to the Son.

Thou shalt each alehouse, thee each gillhouse mourn,
 And answering gin-shops sower sighs return.
 Jacob, the scourge of Grammar, mark with awe;
 Nor less revere him, blunderbuss of Law.
 Lo P—p—le's brow, tremendous to the town,
 Horneck's fierce eye, and Roome's funereal Frown.
 Lo sneering Goode, half malice and half whim,
 A Fiend in glee, ridiculously grim.

VARIATIONS.

Ver. 149. In the first Edition it was,
 Woolston, the scourge of Scripture, mark with awe!
 And mighty Jacob, blunderbuss of Law!
 Ver. 151. *Lo P—p—l's brow, &c.*] In the former
 Edition,
 Haywood, Centlivre, glories of their race,
 Lo Horneck's fierce, and Roome's funereal face.

IMITATIONS.

Ver. 145. *From the strong fate of drams if thou get*
free,]
 " — si qua fata aspera rumpas,
 " Tu Marcellus eris! Virg. Æn. vi.
 Ver. 147. *Thou shalt each alehouse, &c,]*
 " Te nemus Anguitiæ, vitrea te Fucinus unda,
 " Te liquidi flevire lacus. Virg. Æn. vii.
 Virgil again, Eclogue x.
 " — etiam lauri, etiam flevire myricæ, &c.
 Ver. 150. Virg. Æn. vi. — " duo fulmina belli
 " Scipiadas, cladem Libyæ!

Each Cygnet sweet, of Bath and Turnbridge race,
 Whose tuneful whistling makes the waters pass;
 Each Songster, Riddler, every nameless name,
 All croud, who foremost shall be damn'd to Fame,
 Some strain in Rhyme; the Muses, on their racks,
 Scream like the winding of ten thousand jacks;
 Some free from rhyme or reason, rule or check,
 Break Priscian's head, and Pegasus's neck;
 Down, down the larum, with impetuous whirl,
 The Pindars, and the Miltons of a Curl.

Silence, ye Wolves! while Ralph to Cynthia howls
 And makes Night hideous—Answer him, ye Owls!

Sense, speech and measure, living tongues and all
 Let all give way—and Morris may be read.
 Flow, Wellsted, flow! like thine inspirer, Beer;
 'Tho' stale, not ripe; tho' thin, yet never clear,

VARIATIONS.

Ver. 157. *Each Songster, Riddler, &c.*] In the former Edition,

Lo Bond and Foxton, every nameless name.

After v. 158. in the first Edition followed,

How proud, how pale, how earnest all appear

How rhymes eternal gingle in their ear!

IMITATIONS.

Ver. 166. *And makes Night hideous*]

“—Visit thus the glimpses of the moon,

“Making Night hideous——”

so sweetly mawkish, and so smoothly dull;
 Ready, not strong; o'erflowing, tho' not full.
 Ah Dennis! Gildon ah! what ill-starr'd rage
 Divides a friendship long confirm'd by age?
 Blockheads with reason wicked wits abhor,
 But fool with fool is barb'rous civil war.
 Embrace, embrace, my sons! be foes no more!
 Nor glad vile Poets with true Critics gore.
 Behold yon Pair, in strict embraces join'd;
 How like in manners, and how like in mind!

IMITATIONS.

Ver. 169. *Flow, Welfed, flow! &c.*] Parody on
 Denham, *Cooper's Hill*.

"O could I flow like thee, and make thy stream
 "My great example, as it is my theme:
 "Tho' deep, yet clear, tho' gentle, yet not dull;
 "Strong without rage; without o'erflowing, full!

Ver. 177. *Embrace, embrace, my sons! be foes no*
more!] Virg. Aen. vi.

"—Ne tanta animis assuescite bella,
 "Neu patriae validas in viscera vertite vires:
 "Tuque prior, tu parce—sanguis meus!—

Ver. 179. *Behold yon Pair, in strict embraces join'd;*
 Virg. Aen. vi.

"Illae autem, paribus quas fulgere cernis in armis,
 "Concordes animae——

And in the fifth,

"Euryalus, forma insignis viridique juvena,
 "Nisus amore pio pueri.

Equal in wit, and equally polite,
 Shall this a Pasquin, that a Grumbler write;
 Like are their merits, like rewards they share,
 That shines a Consul, this Commissioner.

“ But who is he, in closet close y-pent,
 “ Of sober face, with learned dust besprent?
 Right well mine eyes arede the myster wight,
 On parchment scraps y-fed, and Wormius hight.
 To future ages may thy dulness last,
 As thou preserv’st the dulness of the past!

There, dim in clouds, the poring Scholiasts mar,
 Wits, who, like owls, see only in the dark,
 A Lumberhouse of books in ev’ry head,
 For ever reading, never to be read!

But, where each Science lifts its modern type,
 Hist’ry her Pot, Divinity her Pipe,
 While proud Philosophy repines to show,
 Dishonest fight! his breeches rent below;

VARIATIONS.

Ver. 197. in the first Edition it was,
 And proud Philosophy with breeches tore,
 And English music with a dismal score.
 Fast by in darkness palpable inshrind
 W—s, B—r, M—n, all the poring kind.

IMITATIONS.

Ver. 185. *But who is he, &c.*] Virg. *Æn. vi.* questions and answers in this manner, of Numa:

“ Quis procul ille autem ramis insignis olive,
 “ Sacra ferens?—nosco crines, incanaque menta, &c.

Imbrown'd with native bronze, lo! Henley stands,
 Tuning his voice, and balancing his hands.
 How fluent nonsense trickles from his tongue!
 How sweet the periods, neither said nor sung!
 Still break the benches, Henley! with thy strain,
 While Sherlock, Hare, and Gibson preach in vain.
 Oh great Restorer of the good old Stage,
 Preacher at once, and Zany of thy age!
 Oh worthy thou of Egypt's wife abodes,
 A decent priest, where monkeys were the gods!
 But Fate with Butchers plac'd thy priestly stall,
 Meek modern faith to murder, hack, and mawl;
 And bade thee live, to crown Britannia's praise,
 In Toland's, Tindal's, and in Woodston's days.

Yet oh, my sons, a father's words attend:
 (So may the fates preserve the ears you lend)
 'Tis yours, a Bacon or a Locke to blame,
 A Newton's genius, or a Milton's flame:
 But oh! with One, immortal One dispense,
 The Source of Newton's Light, of Bacon's Sense.
 Content, each Emanation of his fires
 That beams on earth, each Virtue he inspires,
 Each Art he prompts, each charm he can create,
 Whate'er he gives, are given for you to hate.
 Persist, by all divine in Man unaw'd,
 But, "Learn ye DUNCES! not to scorn your God."

 IMITATIONS.

Ver. 224.—*Learn, ye Dunces! not to scorn your God.*]

"Discite iustitiam moniti, et non temnere divos.

Virg.

Thus he, for then a ray of Reason stole
 Half thro' the solid darkness of his soul;
 But soon the cloud return'd—and thus the Sire:
 See now, what Dulness and her sons admire;
 See what the charms, that smite the simple heart
 Not touch'd by Nature, and not reach'd by Art.

His never-blushing head he turn'd aside,
 (Not half so pleas'd, when Goodman prophesy'd)
 And look'd, and saw a fable Sorc'rer rise,
 Swift to whose hand a winged volume flies:
 All sudden, Gorgons hiss, and Dragons glare,
 And ten-horn'd fiends and Giants rush to war.
 Hell rises, Heaven descends, and dance on Earth:
 Gods, imps, and monsters, music, rage, and mirth,
 A fire, a jig, a battle, and a ball,
 'Till one wide conflagration swallows all.

Thence a new world to Nature's laws unknown,
 Breaks out refulgent, with a heaven its own:
 Another Cynthia her new journey runs,
 And other planets circle other suns.
 The forests dance, the rivers upward rise,
 Whales sport in woods, and dolphins in the skies;

IMITATIONS.

Ver. 244. *And other planets]*

“—solemque suum, sua sidera norunt—

Virg. Aen. vi.

Ver. 246. *Whales sport in woods, and dolphins in the skies;]*

“ Delphinum sylvis appingit, fluctibus aprum.

Hor.

And last, to give the whole creation grace,

Lo! one vast Egg produces human race.

Joy fills his soul, joy innocent of thought;

What pow'r, he cries, what pow'r these wonders wrought?

Son; what thou seek'st is in thee! Look, and find
Each monster meets his likeness in thy mind.

Yet would'st thou more? In yonder cloud behold,

Whose farset skirts are edg'd with flaming gold,

A matchless Youth! his nod these worlds controuls,

Wings the red lightning, and the thunder rolls.

Angel of Dulness, sent to scatter round

Her magic charms o'er all unclassic ground :

IMITATIONS.

Ver. 251. *Son; what thou seek'st is in thee :*]

“*Quod petis in te est—*

“*—Ne te quæsieris extra.*

Perf.

Ver. 256. *Wings the red lightning, &c.]* Like Sal-
moneus in *Æn. vi.*

“*Dum flammæ Jovis, et sonitus imitatur Olympi.*

“*—nimbos, et non imitabile fulmen,*

“*Aere et cornipedum cursu simularat equorum.*

Ver. 258. *—o'er all unclassic ground :*] Alludes to
Mr. Addison's verse, in the praises of Italy :

“*Poetic fields encompass me around,*

“*And still I seem to tread on classic ground.*

As ver. 264. is a parody on a noble one of the same
author in *The Campaign* : and ver. 250, 260, on two
sublime verses of Dr. Y.

Yon stars, yon suns, he rears at pleasure higher, and
 Illumes their light, and sets their flames on fire,
 Immortal Rich! how calm he sits at ease
 'Midst snows of paper, and fierce hail of peace;
 And proud his Mistress' orders to perform,
 Rides in the whirlwind, and directs the storm.

But lo! to dark encounter in mid air
 New wizards rise; I see my Cibber there!
 Booth in his cloudy tabernacle shrin'd,
 On grinning dragons thou shalt mount the wind.
 Dire is the conflict, dismal is the din,
 Here shouts all Drury, there all Lincoln's-inn;
 Contending Theatres our empire raise,
 Alike their labours, and alike their praise.

And are these wonders, Son, to thee unknown?
 Unknown to thee? these wonders are thy own.
 These Fate reserv'd to grace thy reign divine,
 Foreseen by me, but ah! with-held from mine.
 In Lud's old walls tho' long I rul'd, renown'd
 Far as loud Bow's stupendous bells resound;
 'Tho' my own Aldermen conferr'd the bays,
 To me committing their eternal Praise,
 'Their full-fed Heroes, their pacific May'rs,
 'Their annual trophies, and their monthly wars:

VARIATIONS.

After ver. 274. in the former Edition followed,

For works like these let deathless Journals tell,

"None but thyself can be thy parallel."

Tho' long my Party built on me their hopes,
 For writing Pamphlets, and for roasting Popes;
 Yet lo! in me what authors have to brag on!
 Reduc'd at last to hiss in my own dragon.
 Avert it, heaven! that thou, my Cibber, e'er
 Should'st wag a serpent-tail in Smithfield fair!
 Like the vile straw that's blown about the streets,
 The needy Poet sticks to all he meets;
 Coach'd, carted, trod upon, now loose, now fast,
 And carry'd off in some Dog's tail at last.
 Happier thy fortunes! like a rolling stone,
 Thy giddy dulness still shall lumber on,
 Safe in its heaviness, shall never stray,
 But lick up every blockhead in the way.
 Thee shall the Patriot, thee the Courtier taste,
 And every year be duller than the last,
 'Till rais'd from booths, to Theatre, to Court,
 Her seat imperial Dulness shall transport,

VARIATIONS.

After v. 284. in the former Edition followed,

Different our parties, but with equal grace

The Goddess smiles on Whig and Tory race.

Ver. 295. *Safe in its heaviness, &c.* in the former Edition,

Too safe in inborn heaviness to stray;

And lick up every blockhead in the way.

Thy Dragons, Magistrates, and Peers shall taste,

And from each shew rise duller than the last.

'Till rais'd from booths, &c.

Already Opera prepares the way,
 The sure fore-runner of her gentle sway;
 Let her thy heart, next Drabs and Dice, engage,
 The third mad passion of thy doting age.
 Teach thou the warbling Polypheme to roar,
 And scream thyself as none e'er scream'd before!
 To aid our cause, if Heaven thou can'st not bend,
 Hell thou shalt move; for Faustus is our friend:
 Pluto with Cato thou for this shalt join,
 And link the Mourning Bride to Proserpine.
 Grubstreet! thy fall should men and Gods conspire,
 Thy stage shall stand, ensure it but from Fire.
 Another Æschylus appears! prepare
 For new abortions, all ye pregnant fair!

In flames, like Semele's, be brought to bed,
 While opening Hell spouts wild-fire at your head.

Now Bavius take the Poppy from thy brow,
 And place it here! here all ye Heroes bow!

This, this is he, foretold by antient rhymes:
 Th' Augustus born to bring Saturnian times.

IMITATIONS.

Ver. 319, 320. *This, this is he, foretold by antient
 rhymes,*

Th' Augustus, &c.]

“Hic vir, hic est! tibi quem promitti saepius audis,

“Augustus Caesar, divum genus aurea condet

“Secula qui rursus Latio, regnata per arva

“Saturno quondam—— *Virg. Aen. i.*

Signs following signs lead on the mighty year;
 See! the dull stars roll round and re-appear,
 See, see, our own true Phoebus wears the bays!
 Our Midas sits Lord Chancellor of Plays!
 On Poets Tombs see Benson's titles writ!
 Lo! Ambrose Philips is prefer'd for Wit!
 See, under Ripley rise a new Whitehall,
 While Jones' and Boyle's united labours fall:
 While Wren with sorrow to the grave descends,
 Gay dies unpension'd with a hundred friends,
 Hibernian Politics, O Swift! thy fate;
 And Pope's, ten years to comment and translate.

VARIATIONS.

Ver. 323. *See, see, our own, &c.*] In the former Edition,

Beneath his reign shall Eusden wear the bays,

Cibber preside Lord Chancellor of plays,

Benson sole judge of Architecture sit,

And Namby Pamby be prefer'd for Wit!

I see th' unfinish'd Dormitory wall,

I see the Savoy totter to her fall;

Hibernian Politics, O Swift! thy doom,

And Pope's, translating three whole years with
Broome.

Proceed, great days, &c.

IMITATIONS.

Saturnian here relates to the age of *Lead*, mentioned Book I. v. 26.

Proceed, great days! 'till Learning fly the shore,
 "Till Birch shall blush with noble blood no more,
 "Till Thames see Eaton's sons for ever play,
 "Till Westminster's whole year be holiday,
 "Till Isis' Elders reel, their pupils sport,
 And Alma Mater lie dissolv'd in Port?

VARIATIONS.

Ver. 331. in the former Edition thus,

— O Swift! thy doom,

And Pope's, translating ten whole years with Broome.
 On which was the following Note: "He concludes
 " his irony was a stroke upon himself: for whoever
 " imagines this a sarcasm on the other ingenious per-
 " son, is surely mistaken. The opinion our Author
 " had of him was sufficiently shewn by his joining
 " him in the undertaking of the *Odyssey*; in which
 " Mr. Broome having engaged without any previous
 " agreement, discharged his part so much to Mr.
 " Pope's satisfaction, that he gratified him with the
 " full sum of *Five hundred pounds*, and a present of
 " all those books for which his own interest could
 " procure him subscribers, to the value of *One hundred*
 " *more*. The author only seems to lament, that he
 " was employed in Translation at all."

After v. 338. in the first Edit. were the following lines:

Then when these signs declare the mighty year,
 When the dull stars roll round and re-appear;

Enough! enough! the raptur'd Monarch cries;
And thro' the Iv'ry Gate the Vision flies.

VARIATIONS.

Let there be darkness! (the dread Power shall say)
All shall be darkness, as it ne'er were day;
To their first Chaos Wit's vain Works shall fall,
And universal darkness cover all.

IMITATIONS.

340. *And thro' the Iv'ry Gate, &c.]*
"Sunt geminae Somni portae; quarum altera fertur
"Cornea, qua veris facilis datur exitus umbris;
"Altera candenti perfecta nitens elephanto,
"Sed falsa ad coelum mittunt insomnia manes.
Virg. Æn. vi.

THE END OF THE THIRD BOOK.

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THE D U N C I A D.

BOOK THE FOURTH.

A R G U M E N T.

THE Poet being, in this Book, to declare the *Completion* of the *Prophecies* mentioned at the end of the former, makes a new *Invocation*; as the greater Poets are wont, when some high and worthy matter is to be sung. He shews the Goddess coming in her majesty, to destroy *Order* and *Science*, and to substitute the *Kingdom of the Dull* upon earth. How she leads captive the *Sciences*, and silenceth the *Muses*; and *what* they be who succeed in their stead. All her Children, by a wonderful attraction, are drawn about her; and bear along with them divers others, who promote her Empire by connivance, weak resistance, or discouragement of Arts; such as Half-wits, tasteless Admirers, vain Pretenders, the Flatterers of Dunces, or the Patrons of them. All these crowd round her; one of them offering to approach her, is driven back by a Rival, but she commends and encourages both. The first who speak in form are the *Genius's* of the *Schools*, who assure her of their care to advance her Cause by confining Youth to *Words*, and keeping them out of the way of real Knowledge. Their Address, and her gracious Answer; with her charge to them and the Universities.

The *Universities* appear by their proper Deputies, and assure her that the same method is observ'd in the progress of *Education*. The speech of *Aristarchus* on this subject. They are driven off by a band of young gentlemen returned from *Travel* with their *Tutors*; one of whom delivers to the Goddess, in a polite oration, an account of the whole Conduct and Fruits of their *Travels*: presenting to her at the same time a young Nobleman perfectly accomplished. She receives him graciously, and induces him with the happy quality of *Want of Shame*. She sees loitering about her a number of *Indolent Persons* abandoning all business and duty, and dying with laziness: To these approaches the Antiquary *Annius*, intreating her to make them *Virtuosos*, and assign them over to him: But *Mummus*, another Antiquary, complaining of his fraudulent proceeding, she finds a method to reconcile their difference. Then enter a Troop of people fantastically adorned, offering her strange and exotic presents: Amongst them, one stands forth and demands justice on another, who had deprived him of one of the greatest Curiosities in nature: but he justifies himself so well, that the Goddess gives them both her approbation. She recommends to them to find proper employment for the *Indolents* before-mentioned, in the study of *Butterflies*, *Shells*, *Birds-nests*, *Moss*, &c. but with particular caution, not to proceed beyond *Trifles*, to any useful or extensive views of Nature, or of the Author of Nature. Against the last of these apprehensions, she is secured by a hearty Address from the *Minute Philosophers* and *Free-thinkers*,

one of whom speaks in the name of the rest. The Youth thus instructed and principled, are delivered to her in a body, by the hands of *Silenus*; and then admitted to taste the Cup of the Magus her High Priest, which causes a total oblivion of all Obligations, divine, civil, moral, or rational. To these her adepts she sends *Priests*, *Attendants*, and *Comforters*, of various kinds; confers on them *Orders* and *Degrees*; and then dismissing them with a speech, confirming to each his *Privileges*, and telling what she expects from each, concludes with a *Yarun* of extraordinary virtue: The Progress and Effects whereof on all Orders of men, and the Consummation of all, in the Restoration of *Night* and *Chaos*, conclude the *Poem*.

YET, yet a moment, one dim Ray of Light
Indulge, dread Chaos, and eternal Night!

Of darkness visible, so much be lent,
As half to shew, half veil the deep Intent.
Ye Pow'rs! whose Mysteries restor'd I sing,
To whom Time bears me on his rapid wing,
Suspend a while your Force inertly strong,
Then take at once the Poet and the Song.

Now flam'd the Dog-star's unpropitious ray,
Smote ev'ry Brain, and wither'd ev'ry Bay;
Sick was the Sun, the Owl forsook his bow'r,
The moon-struck Prophet felt the madding hour:
Then rose the Seed of Chaos, and of Night,
To blot out Order, and extinguish Light,
Of dull and venal a new World to mold,
And bring Saturnian days of Lead and Gold.

She mounts the Throne: her head a Cloud conceal'd,
In broad Effulgence all below reveal'd,
(Tis thus aspiring Dulness ever shines)
Soft on her lap her Laureate son reclines.

Beneath her foot-stool, *Science* groans in Chains,
And *Wit* dreads Exile, Penalties and Pains.
There foam'd rebellious *Logic*, gagg'd and bound;
There, stript, fair *Rhet'ric* languish'd on the ground;
His blunted arms by *Sophistry* are born,
And shameless *Billingsgate* her Robes adorn.
Morality, by her false Gaurdians drawn,
Chicane in Furs, and *Casistry* in Lawn,
Gasps, as they straiten at each end the cord,
And dies, when Dulness gives her Page the word.
Mad *Máthesis* alone was unconfin'd,
Too mad for meer material chains to bind,
Now to pure Space lifts her extatic stare,
Now running round the Circle, finds it square.
But held in ten-fold bonds the *Muses* lie,
Watch'd both by Envy's and by Flatt'ry's eye;
There to her heart sad Trajedy addrest
The dagger wont to pierce the Tyrant's breast;
But sober History restrain'd her rage,
And promis'd vengeance on a barb'rous age.
There sunk *Thalia*, nerveless, cold, and dead,
Had not her Sister *Satire* held her head:
Nor could'st thou, CHESTERFIELD! a tear refuse,
Thou wept'st, and with thee wept each gentle Muse.

When lo! a Harlot form soft sliding by,
With mincing step, small voice, and languid eye:

Foreign her air, her robe's discordant pride
 In patch-work flutt'ring, and her head aside:
 By singing Peers up-held on either hand,
 She trip'd and laugh'd, too pretty much to stand:
 Cast on the prostrate Nine a scornful look,
 Then thus in quaint Recitativo spoke:

O Cara! Cara! silence all that train:

Joy to great Chaos! let Division reign:
 Chromatic tortures soon shall drive them hence,
 Break all ther nerves, and fritter all their sense:
 One Trill shall harmonise joy, grief, and rage,
 Wake the dull Church, and lull the ranting Stage;
 To the same notes thy sons shall hum, or snore,
 And all thy yawning daughters cry, *encore*.

Another Phoebus, thy own Phoebus, reigns,
 Joys in my jigs, and dances in my chains.
 But soon, ah soon, Rebellion will commence,
 If Music meanly borrows aid from Sense:
 Strong in new Arms, lo! Giant HANDEL stands,
 Like bold Briareus, with a hundred hands;
 To stir, to rouze, to shake the Soul he comes,
 And Jove's own thunders follow Mars's Drums.
 Arrest him, Empress, or you sleep no more——
 She heard, and drove him to th' Hibernian shore.

And now had Fame's posterior Trumpet blown,
 And all the nations summon'd to the Throne.

IMITATIONS.

Ver. 54. *Joy to great Chaos!*]

"Joy to great Caesar"—The beginning of a famous old Song.

The young, the old, who feel her inward sway,
 One instinct seizes, and transports away.
 None needs a guide, by sure attraction led,
 And strong impulsive gravity of Head:
 None want a place, for all their Centre found,
 Hung to the Goddess, and coher'd around.
 Not closer, orb in orb, conglob'd are seen
 The buzzing Bees about their dusky Queen.

The gathering number, as it moves along,
 Involves a vast involuntary throng,
 Who gently drawn, and struggling less and less,
 Roll in her vortex, and her pow'r confess.
 Not those alone who passive own her laws,
 But who, weak rebels, more advance her cause.
 Whate'er of dunce in College or in Town
 Sneers at another, in Toupee or gown;
 Whate'er of mungril no one class admits,
 A wit with dunces, and a dunce with wits.

Nor absent they, no members of her state,
 Who pay her homage in her sons, the Great;
 Who false to Phoebus, bow the knee to Baal;
 Or impious, preach his Word without a call,
 Patrons, who sneak from living worth to dead,
 With-hold the pension, and set up the head;
 Or vest dull Flatt'ry in the sacred Gown;
 Or give from fool to fool the Laurel crown.
 And (last and worse) with all the cant of wit,
 Without the soul, the Muse's Hypocrit.

There march'd the bard and blockhead side by side,
 Who rhym'd for hire, and patroniz'd for pride.

Narcissus, prais'd with all a Parson's pow'r,
 Look'd a white lilly sunk beneath a show'r.
 There mov'd Montalto with superior air;
 His stretch'd-out arm display'd a Volume fair;
 Courtiers and Patriots in two ranks divide,
 Thro' both he pass'd, and bow'd from side to side:
 But as in graceful *act*, with awful eye
 Compos'd he stood, bold Benson thrust him by:
 On two unequal crutches propt he came,
 Milton on this, on that one Johnston's name.
 The decent Knight retir'd with sober rage,
 Withdrew his hand, and clos'd the pompous page.
 But (happy for him as the times went then)
 Appear'd Apollo's May'r and Aldermen,
 On whom three hundred gold-capt youths await,
 To lug the pond'rous volume off in state.

When, Dulness, smiling—' Thus revive the Wits!
 But murder first, and mince them all to bits;
 As erst Medea (cruel, so to save!)
 A new Edition of old Æson gave;
 Let standard-Authors, thus, like trophies born,
 Appear more glorious as more hack'd and torn.
 And you, my Critics! in the chequer'd shade,
 Admire new light thro' holes yourselves have made.

 VARIATIONS.

Ver. 114.

What! no respect, he cry'd, for SHAKESPEAR's page?

IMITATIONS.

 Ver. 126. *Admire new light, &c.*

Leave not a foot of verse, a foot of stone,
 A Page, a Grave, that they can call their own;
 But spread, my sons, your glory thin or thick,
 On passive paper, or on solid brick.
 So by each Bard an Alderman shall sit,
 A heavy Lord shall hang at ev'ry Wit,
 And while on Fame's triumphal Car they ride,
 Some slave of mine be pinion'd to their side.

Now crowds on crowds around ths Goddess press,
 Each eager to present the first Address.
 Dunce scorning Dunces beholds the next advance,
 But Fop shews Fop superior complaisance.
 When lo! a spectre rose, whose index hand
 Held forth the Virtue of the dreadful wand;
 His beaver'd brow a birchen garland wears,
 Dropping with Infant's Blood, and Mother's tears.
 O'er ev'ry vein a shudd'ring horror runs;
 Eton and Winton shake thro' all their Sons.
 All Flesh is humbled, Westminster's bold race
 Shrink, and confess the Genius of the place:

IMITATIONS.

" The Soul's dark cottage, batter'd and decay'd,

" Lets in new light, through chinks that time has
 " made. WALLER.

Ver. 142. *Dropping with infant's blood, &c.*]

" First Moloch, horrid King, besmear'd with
 " blood

Of human Sacrifice, and parents tears. MILT.

The pale Boy-Senator yet tingling stands,
 And holds his breeches close with both his hands.
 Then thus. Since Man from beast by Words is known,
 Words are Man's province, Words we teach alone.
 When Reason doubtful, like the Samian letter,
 Points him two ways, the narrower is the better.
 Plac'd at the door of Learning, youth to guide,
 We never suffer it to stand too wide.
 To ask, to guess, to know, as they commence,
 As Fancy opens the quick springs of Sense,
 We ply the Memory, we load the brain,
 Bind rebel Wit, and double chain on chain,
 Confine the thought, to exercise the breath;
 And keep them in the pale of Words till death.
 Whate'er the talents, or howe'er design'd,
 We hang one jingling padlock on the mind:
 A Poet the first day, he dips his quill;
 And what the last? a very Poet still.
 Pity! the charm works only in our wall,
 Lost, lost too soon in yonder House or Hall.
 There truant WYNDHAM ev'ry Muse gave o'er,
 There TALBOT sunk, and was a Wit no more!
 How sweet an Ovid, MURRAY was our boast!
 How many Martials were in PULT'NEY lost!
 Else sure some Bard, to our eternal praise,
 In twice ten thousand rhyming nights and days,
 Had reach'd the Work, the All that mortal can;
 And South beheld that Master-piece of Man.
 Oh (cry'd the Goddess) for some pedant Reign!
 Some gentle JAMES, to bless the land again;

To stick the Doctor's Chair into the Throne,
 Give law to Words, or war with Words alone,
 Senates and Courts with Greek and Latin rule,
 And turn the Council to a Grammar School!
 For sure, if Dulness sees a grateful Day,
 'Tis in the shade of Arbitrary Sway.
 O! if my sons may learn one earthly thing,
 Teach but that one, sufficient for a King;
 That which my Priests, and mine alone, maintain,
 Which as it dies, or lives, we fall, or reign:
 May you, my Cam, and Isis preach it long!
 "The RIGHT DIVINE of Kings to govern wrong."

Prompt at the call, around the Goddess roll
 Broad hats, and hoods, and caps, a fable shoal:
 Thick and more thick the black blockade extends,
 A hundred head of Aristotle's friends.
 Nor wert thou, Isis! wanting to the day,
 [Tho' Christ-church long kept prudishly away.]
 Each staunch Polemic, stubborn as a rock,
 Each fierce Logician, still expelling Locke,
 Came whip and spur, and dash thro' thin and thick
 On German Crouzaz, and Dutch Burgerfdyck.
 As many quit the streams that murm'ring fall
 To lull the sons of Marg'ret and Clare-hall,
 Where Bentley, late tempestuous wont to sport
 In troubled waters, but now sleeps in Port.
 Before them march'd that awful Aristarch;
 Plow'd was his front with many a deep Remark:
 His Hat, which never vail'd to human pride,
 Walker with rev'rence took, and lay'd aside.

Low bow'd the rest : He, kingly, did but nod ;
 So upright Quakers please both Man and God.
 Mistress! dismiss that rabble from your throne :
 Avaunt——is Aristarchus yet unknown?
 The mighty Scholiast, whose unweary'd pains
 Made Horace dull, and humbled Milton's strains.
 Turn what they will to Verse, their toil is vain,
 Critics like me shall make it Prose again.
 Roman and Greek Grammarians! know your Better :
 Author of something yet more great than Letter;
 While tow'ring o'er your Alphabet like Saul,
 Stands our Digamma, and o'er-tops them all.
 'Tis true, on Words is still our whole debate,
 Disputes of *Me* or *Te*, of *aut* or *at*,
 To found or sink in *cano* O or A,
 Or give up Cicero to C or K.
 Let Friend affect to speak as Terence spoke,
 And Alsop never but like Horace joke:

IMITATIONS.

Ver. 207. *He, kingly, did but nod ;*] Milton.

“—He, kingly, from his state

“ Declin'd not.——

Ver. 210.—*is Aristarchus yet unknown?*]

“——Sic notus Ulysses?

VIRG.

Dost thou not feel me, Rome? Ben Johnson.

Ver. 215. *Roman and Greek Grammarians, &c.*] Imitated from Propertius speaking of the Æneid,

“ Cedite, *Romani* scriptores, cedite *Graii*!

“ *Nescio quid majus nascitur Iliade.*

For me, what Virgil, Pliny would deny,
 Manilius or Solinus shall supply:
 For Attic Phrase in Plato let them seek,
 I poach in Suidas for unlicenc'd Greek.
 In ancient Sense if any needs will deal,
 Be sure I give them Fragments, not a Meal;
 What Gellius or Stobaeus hash'd before,
 Or chew'd by blind old Scholiasts o'er and o'er,
 The critic eye, that microscope of Wit,
 See hairs and pores, examines bit by bit:
 How parts relate to parts, or they to whole;
 The body's harmony, the beaming soul,
 Are things which Kuster, Burman, Wasse shall see,
 When Man's whole frame is obvious to a Flea.

Ah think not, Mistress! more true Dulness lies
 In Folly's Cap, than Wisdom's grave disguise.
 Like buoys, that never sink into the flood,
 On learning's surface we but ly and nod,
 Thine is the genuine Head of many a house,
 And much Divinity without a nose.
 Nor could a BARROW work on ev'ry block,
 Nor has one ATTERBURY spoil'd the flock.
 See! still thy own, the heavy Cannon roll,
 And Metaphysic smokes involve the Pole.
 For thee we dim the eyes, and stuff the head
 With all such reading as was never read:
 For thee explain a thing till all men doubt it,
 And write about it, Goddess, and about it:
 So spins the silk-worm small its slender store,
 And labours till it clouds itself all o'er.

That tho' we let some better sort of fool
 Thrud every science, run thro' every school?
 Never by tumbler thro' the hoops was shown
 Such skill in passing all, and touching none.
 He may indeed (if sober all this time)
 Plague with Dispute, or persecute with Rhyme.
 We only furnish what he cannot use,
 Or wed to what he must divorce, a Muse:
 Fall in the midst of Euclid dip at once,
 And petrify a Genius to a Dunce:
 Or set on Metaphysic ground to prance,
 Show all his paces, not a step-advance.
 With the same CEMENT, ever sure to bind,
 We bring to one dead level ev'ry mind.
 Then take him to develop, if you can,
 And hew the Block off, and get out the Man.
 But wherefore waste I words? I see advance
 Whore, Pupil, and lac'd Governor from France.
 Walker! our hat—nor more he deign'd to say,
 But, stern as Ajax' spectre, strode away.

In flow'd at once a gay embroider'd race,
 And titt'ring push'd the Pedants off the place:
 Some would have spoken, but the voice was drown'd
 By the French horn, or by the op'ning hound.
 The first came forwards, with as easy mien,
 As if he saw St. James's and the Queen.
 When thus th' attendant Orator begun,
 Receive, great Empress! thy accomplish'd Son:
 Thine from the birth, and sacred from the rod,
 A dauntless infant! never scar'd with God.

'The Sire saw, one by one, his Virtues wake:
 'The Mother begg'd the blessing of a Rake.
 'Thou gav'st that Ripeness, which so soon began,
 And ceas'd so soon, he ne'er was Boy, nor Man,
 'Thro' School and College, thy kind cloud o'ercast,
 Safe and unseen the young Æneas past:
 'Thence bursting glorious, all at once let down,
 Stunn'd with his giddy Larum half the town.
 Intrepid then, o'er seas and lands he flew:
 Europe he saw, and Europe saw him too.
 There all thy gifts and graces we display,
 'Thou, only thou, directing all our way!
 To where the Seine, obsequious as she runs,
 Pours at great Bourbon's feet her silken sons;
 Or Tyber, now no longer Roman, rolls
 Vain of Italian arts, Italian Souls:
 To happy Convents, bosom'd deep in vines,
 Where slumber Abbots, purple as their wines:
 To Isles of fragrance, lilly-silver'd vales,
 Diffusing languor in the panting gales:
 To lands of singing, or of dancing slaves,
 Love-whisp'ring woods, and lute-resounding waves.
 But chief her shrine where naked Venus keeps,
 And Cupids ride the Lion of the Deep;

 IMITATIONS.

VER. 284. *A dauntless infant! never scar'd with
 God.]*

“ —sine Dis animosus Infans.

HOR.

Where, eas'd of Gleets, the Adriatic main
 Wafts the smooth Eunuch and enamour'd swain.
 Led by my hand, he faunter'd Europe round,
 And gather'd every Vice on Christian ground;
 Saw ev'ry Court, heard ev'ry King declare
 His royal Sense, of Op'ra's or the Fair;
 The Stews and Palace equally explor'd,
 Intrigu'd with glory, and with spirit whor'd;
 Try'd all *hors-d'oeuvres*, all *liqueurs* defin'd,
 Judicious drank, and greatly-daring din'd;
 Dropt the dull lumber of the Latin store,
 Spoil'd his own language, and acquir'd no more;
 All Classic learning lost on Classic ground;
 And last turn'd *Air*, the Echo of a Sound!
 See now, half cur'd, and perfectly well-bred,
 With nothing but a Solo in his head;
 As much Estate, and Principle, and Wit,
 As Jansen, Fleetwood, Cibber shall think fit;
 Rol'n from a Duel, follow'd by a Nun,
 And, if a Borough chuse him, not undone!
 See, to my country happy I restore
 This glorious Youth, and add one Venus more.
 Her too receive (for her my soul adores)
 So may the sons of sons of sons of whores,

IMITATIONS.

Ver. 332. *So may the sons of sons, &c.]*

“ Et nati natorum, et qui nascentur ab illis.

Virg.

Prop thine, O Empress! like each neighbour Throne,
And make a long Posterity thy own.
Pleas'd, she accepts the Hero, and the Dame,
Wraps in her Veil; and frees from sense of Shame.

Then look'd, and saw a lazy, lolling sort,
Unseen at Church, at Senate, or at Court,
Of ever-littlefs Loit'ers, that attend
No Cause, no Trust, no Duty, and no Friend.
Thee too, my Paridel! she mark'd thee there,
Stretch'd on the rack of a too easy chair.
And heard thy everlasting yawn confess
The Pains and Penalties of Idleness.
She pity'd! but her Pity only shed
Benigner influence on thy nodding head.

But Annius, crafty Seer, with ebon wand,
And well-dissembled em'rald on his hand,
False as his Gems, and canker'd as his Coins,
Came, cram'd with capon, from where Pollio dines.
Soft, as the wily Fox is seen to creep,
Where bask on sunny banks the simple sheep,
Walk round and round, now prying here, now there,
So he; but pious, whisper'd first his pray'r.

IMITATIONS.

Ver. 342. *Stretch'd on the rack——*

And heard, &c.]

“ *Sedet, aeternumque sedebit,*

“ *Infelix Theseus, Phlegyasque miserrimus omnes.*

“ *Admonet——*

Virg.

Grant, gracious Goddess! grant me still to cheat,
 O may thy cloud still cover the deceit!
 Thy choicer mists on this assembly shed,
 But pour them thickest on the noble head.
 So shall each youth, assisted by our eyes,
 See other Caesars, other Homers rise;
 Thro' twilight ages hunt th'Athenian fowl,
 Which Chalcis Gods, and Mortals call an Owl,
 Now see an Attys, now a Cecrops clear,
 Nay, Mahomet! the Pigeon at thine ear;
 Rich in antient brass, tho' not in gold,
 And keep his Lares, tho' his house be sold;
 To heedless Phoebe his fair bride postpone,
 Honour a Syrian prince above his own;
 Lord of an Otho, if I vouch it true;
 Best in one Niger, till he knows of two.
 Mummius o'erheard him; Mummius, Fool-renown'd,
 Who like his Cheops stinks above the ground,
 Pierce as a startled Adder, swell'd, and said,
 Rattling an antient Sistrum at his head:
 Speak'st thou of Syrian Princes? Traitor base!
 Mine, Goddess! mine is all the horned race.

IMITATIONS.

Ver. 355. ——— grant me still to cheat,
 O may thy cloud still cover the deceit!
 “ ——— Da, pulchra Laverna,
 “ Da mihi fallere ———
 “ Noctem peccatis et fraudibus objice nubem. Hor.

True, he had wit, to make their value rise;
 From foolish Greeks to steal them, was as wise:
 More glorious yet, from barb'rous hands to keep,
 When Saltee rovers chas'd him on the deep.
 Then taught by Hermes, and divinely bold,
 Down his own throat he risk'd the Grecian Gold,
 Receiv'd each Demi-God, with pious care
 Deep in his Entrails—I rever'd them there,
 I bought them, shrouded in that living shrine,
 And, at their second birth, they issue mine.

Witness great Ammon! by whose horns I swore,
 (Reply'd soft Annius) this our paunch before
 Still bears them, faithful; and that thus I eat,
 Is to refund the Medals with the meat.
 To prove me, Goddess! clear of all design,
 Bid me with Pollio sup, as well as dine:
 There all the Learn'd shall at the labour stand,
 And Douglas lend his soft, obstetric hand.

IMITATIONS.

Ver. 383. *Receiv'd each Demi-God,*]

- " Emissumque ima de sede Typhoëa terrae
- " Coelitibus fecisse metum; cunctosque dedisse,
- " Terga fugae: donec fessos Ægyptia tellus
- " Ceperit——

Ver. 387. *Witness great Ammon!*] Jupiter Ammon is called to witness, as the father of Alexander, to whom those Kings succeeded in the division of the Macedonian Empire, and whose Horns they wore on their Medals.

The Goddess smiling seem'd to give consent ;

So back to Pollio, hand in hand they went.

Then thick as Locusts black'ning all the ground,

A tribe, with weeds and shells fantastick crown'd,

Each with some wondrous gift approach the Power,

A Nest, a Toad, a Fungus, or a Flower.

But far the foremost, two, with earnest zeal,

And aspect ardent, to the Throne appeal.

Then first thus open'd : Hear thy suppliant's call,

Great Queen, and common Mother of us all !

Fair from its humble bed I rear'd this Flower,

Suckled, and chear'd, with air, and sun, and shower :

Soft on the paper ruff its leaves I spread,

Bright with the gilded button tipt its head.

Then thron'd in glass, and nam'd it CAROLINE :

Each maid cry'd, Charming ! and each youth, Divine !

IMITATIONS.

Ver. 405. *Fair from its humble bed, &c. named it
Caroline !*

Each Maid cry'd, charming ! and each Youth, divine !

Now prostrate ! dead ! behold that Caroline :

No Maid cries charming ! and no Youth divine !

These verses are translated from Catullus, Epith.

“ Ut flos in septis secretus nascitur hortis,

“ Quam mulcent auræ, firmat Sol, educat imber,

“ Multi illum pueri, muktæ optavere puellæ :

“ Idem quum tenui carptus defloruit ungui,

“ Nulli illum pueri, nullæ optavere puellæ, &c.

Did Nature's pencil ever blend such rays,
 Such vary'd light in one promiscuous blaze?
 Now prostrate! dead! behold that Caroline:
 No maid cries, Charming! and no youth, Divine!
 And lo the wretch! whose vile, whose insect lust
 Lay'd this gay daughter of the Spring in dust.
 Oh punish him, or to th'Elysian shades
 Dismiss my soul, where no Carnation fades.
 He ceas'd and wept. With innocence of mien,
 Th'Accus'd stood forth, and thus address'd the Queen.

Of all th' enamel'd race, whose silv'ry wing
 Waves to the tepid Zephyrs of the spring,
 Or swims along the fluid atmosphere,
 Once brightest shin'd this child of Heat and Air.
 I saw, and started from its vernal bow'r,
 The rising game, and chas'd from flow'r to flow'r.
 It fled, I follow'd; now in hope, now pain;
 It stopt, I stopt; it mov'd, I mov'd again.

IMITATIONS.

Ver. 421. *Of all th' enamell'd race.*] The Poet seems
 to have an eye to Spenser, Muipotmos.

“ Of all the race of silver-winged Flies

“ Which do possess the Empire of the air.

Ver. 427, 428. *It fled, I follow'd, &c.*]

“ ———I started back;

“ It started back; but pleas'd I soon return'd,

“ Pleas'd it return'd as soon——

Milt.

At last it fix'd, 'twas on what plant it pleas'd,
 And where it fix'd, the beauteous bird I seiz'd :
 Rose or Carnation was below my care;
 I meddle, Goddess! only in my sphere.
 I tell the naked fact without disguise,
 And, to excuse it, need but shew the prize;
 Whose spoils this Paper offers to your eye,
 Fair ev'n in death! this peerless *Butterfly*.

My sons! (she answer'd) both have done your parts :
 Live happy both, and long promote our arts.
 But hear a Mother, when she recommends
 To your fraternal care, our sleeping friends.
 The common Soul, of Heav'n's more fragal make,
 Serves but to keep fools pert, and knaves awake :
 A drowzy Watchman, that just gives a knock,
 And breaks our rest, to tell us what's a clock.
 Yet by some object ev'ry brain is stirr'd;
 The dull may waken to a Humming-bird;
 The most recluse, discreetly open'd, find
 Congenial matter in the Cockle-kind;
 The Mind, in Metaphysics at a loss,
 May wander in a wilderness of Moss;

 VARIATIONS.

Ver. 441. *The common soul, &c.*] in the first Edit.
 thus,

Of Souls the greater part, Heav'n's common make,
 Serve but to keep fools pert, and knaves awake;
 And most but find that centinel of God,
 A drowzy Watchman in the land of Nod.

The head that turns at super-lunar things,
Pois'd with a tail, may steer on Wilkins' wings.

O! would the sons of men once think their Eyes
And Reason giv'n them but to study *Flies*!
See nature in some partial narrow shape,
And let the Author of the whole escape;
Learn but to trifle; or, who most observe,
To wonder at their maker, not to serve.

Be that my task (replies a gloomy Clerk,
Sworn foe to Myst'ry, yet divinely dark;
Whose pious hope aspires to see the day
When moral evidence shall quite decay,
And damns implicit faith, and holy lies,
Prompt to impose, and fond to dogmatize:)
Let others creep by timid steps, and slow,
On plain experience lay foundations low,
By common sense to common knowledge bred,
And last, thro' nature's cause to nature led.
All seeing in thy mists, we want no guide,
Mother of Arrogance, and source of Pride!
We nobly take the high Priori Road,
And reason downward, till we doubt of God:
Make nature still incroach upon his plan;
And shove him off as far as e'er we can:
Thrust some mechanic cause into his place;
Or bind in matter, or diffuse in Space.
Or, at one bound, o'er-leaping all his laws,
Make God Man's image, Man the final Cause,
Find Virtue local, all Relation scorn,
See all in *Self*, and but for self be born:

Of nought so certain as our *Reason* still,
 Of nought so doubtful as of *Soul* and *Will*.
 Oh hide the God still more! and make us see
 As much as Lucretius drew, a God like Thee:
 Trapt up in self, a God without a Thought,
 Regardless of our merit or default,
 Or that bright Image to our fancy draw,
 Which Theocles in raptur'd vision saw,
 While thro' Poetic scenes the GENIUS roves,
 Or wanders wild in Academic Groves;
 That NATURE our Society adores,
 Where Tindal dictates and Silenus snores.

Rous'd at his name, up-rose the bowzy fire,
 And shook from out his Pipe the seeds of fire;
 Then snapt his box, and strok'd his belly down,
 Lofy and rev'rend, tho' without a Gown.
 Grand and familiar to the throne he came,
 And call'd the Goddess *Dame*.
 Then thus. From Priest-craft happily set free,
 No! every finish'd Son returns to thee:
 First slave to Words, then vassal to a Name,
 Then dupe to Party; child and man the same;
 Bound by Nature, narrow'd still by Art,
 A trifling head, and a contracted heart..
 Thus bred, thus taught, how many have I seen,
 Smiling on all, and smil'd on by a Queen?
 Mark'd out for Honours, honour'd for their Birth,
 To thee the most rebellious things on earth:
 Now to thy gentle shadow all are shrunk,
 All melted down in pension, or in Punk!

So K* fo B* sneak'd into the grave,
 A Monarch's half, and half a Harlot's slave.
 Poor W** nipt in Folly's broadest bloom,
 Who praises now? his Chaplain on his Tomb.
 Then take them all, oh take them to thy breast!
 Thy *Magus*, Goddess! shall perform the rest.

With that, a WIZARD old his *Cup* extends;
 Which whoso tastes, forgets his former friends,
 Sire, Ancestors, Himself. One casts his eyes
 Up to a *Star*, and like Endymion dies;
 A *Feather*, shooting from another's head,
 Extracts his brain; and Principle is fled;
 Lost is his God, his Country, every thing;
 And nothing left but Homage to a King!
 The vulgar herd turn off to roll with Hogs,
 To run with Horses, or to hunt with Dogs;
 But, sad example! never to escape
 Their Infamy, still keep the human shape.

But she, good Goddess, sent to every child
 Firm Impudence, or Stupefaction mild;
 And strait succeeded, leaving shame no room,
 Cibberian forehead, or Cimmerian gloom.

IMITATIONS.

Ver. 518. *Which whoso tastes, forgets his former friends—Sire, &c.*] Homer of the *Nepenthe*, *Odyssey* iv.

Αὐτίκ' ἄρ' εἰς οἶνον βάλε φάρμακον, ἔνθεν ἔπινον
 Νηπενθὲς τ' ἀχολόν τε, κακῶν ἐπίληθον ἀπάντων.

Kind Self-conceit to some her glass applies,

Which no one looks in with another's eyes :

But as the Flatt'rer or Dependant paint,

Beholds himself a Patriot, Chief, or Saint.

On others Int'rest her gay liv'ry flings,

Int'rest, that waves on Party-colour'd wings :

Turn'd to the Sun, she casts a thousand dyes,

And, as she turns, the colours fall or rise.

Others the Syren Sisters warble round,

And empty heads console with empty sound.

No more, alas! the voice of Fame they hear,

The balm of Dulness trickling in their ear.

Great C**, H**, P**, R**, K*,

Why all your Toils? your Sons have learn'd to sing:

How quick ambition hates to ridicule!

The Sire is made a Peer, the Son a Fool.

On some, a Priest succinct in amice white

Attends; all flesh is nothing in his sight!

Beeves, at his touch, at once to jelly turn,

And the huge boar is shrunk into an Urn:

The board with specious miracles he loads,

Turns Hares to Larks, and Pigeons into Toads.

Another (for in all what one can shine?)

Explains the *Seve* and *Verdure* of the Vine.

What cannot copious Sacrifice atone?

Thy Treuffles, Perigord! thy Hams, Bayonne?

With French Libation, and Italian Strain,

Wash Bladen white, and expiate Hays's stain.

KNIGHT lifts the head, for what are crouds undone,

To three essential Partridges in one?

Gone every blush, and silent all reproach,
Contending Princes mount them in their Coach.

Next bidding all draw near on bended knees,
The Queen confers her *Titles* and *Degrees*.
Her children first of more distinguish'd sort,
Who study Shakespeare at the Inns of Court,
Impale a Glow-worm, or Virtú profess,
Shine in the dignity of F. R. S.

Some, deep Free-masons, join the silent race
Worthy to fill Pythagoras's place :

Some Botanists, or Florists at the least,
Or issue Members of an Annual feast.

Nor past the meanest unregarded, one
Rose a Gregorian, one a Gormogon.

The last, not least in honour or applause,
Isis and Cam made DOCTORS of her LAWS.

Then, blessing all, Go, Children of my care!
To Practice now from Theory repair.

All my commands are easy, short, and full :

My Sons! be proud, be selfish, and be dull.

Guard my Prerogative, assert my Throne :

This Nod confirms each Privilege your own.

The Cap and Switch be sacred to his Grace ;

With Staff and Pumps the Marquis leads the Race ;

From Stage to Stage the licens'd Earl may run,

Pair'd with his Fellow Charioteer the Sun ;

The learned Baron butterflies design,

Or draw to silk Arachne's subtle line ;

The Judge to dance his brother Sergeant call ;

The Senator at Cricket urge the ball ;

The Bishop stow (Pontific Luxury!)
 An hundred Souls of Turkeys in a pye;
 The sturdy Squire to Gallic masters stoop,
 And drown his Lands and Manors in a Soupe.
 Others import yet nobler arts from France,
 Teach Kings to fiddle, and make Senates dance.
 Perhaps more high some daring son may soar,
 Proud to my list to add one Monarch more:
 And nobly conscious, Princes are but things
 Born for First Ministers, as Slaves for Kings,
 Tyrant supreme! shall three Estates command,
 And MAKE ONE MIGHTY DUNCIAD OF THE
 LAND!

More she had spoke, but yawn'd—All Nature nods:
 What Mortal can resist the Yawn of Gods?
 Churches and Chapels instantly it reach'd;
 (St. James's first, for leaden G—— preach'd)
 Then catch'd the Schools; the Hall scarce kept
 awake;

The Convocation gap'd, but could not speak:
 Lost was the Nation's Sense, nor could be found,
 While the long solemn Unison went round:
 Wide, and more wide, it spread o'er all the realm;
 Even Palinurus nodded at the Helm:
 The Vapour mild o'er each Committee crept;
 Unfinish'd Treaties in each Office slept;
 And Chieffes armies doz'd out the Campaign;
 And Navies yawn'd for Orders on the Main.

O Muse! relate (for you can tell alone,
 Wits have short Memories, and Dunces none)

Relate, who first, who last resign'd to rest;
 Whose Heads she partly, whose completely blest;
 What charms could Faction, what Ambition lull,
 The Venal quiet, and intrance the Dull;
 Till drown'd was Sense, and Shame, and Right, and
 Wrong——

O sing, and hush the Nations with thy Song!

* * * * *

In vain, in vain,—the all-composing Hour
 Resistless falls: the Muse obeys the Pow'r.
 She comes! she comes! the sable Throne behold
 Of *Night* Primaeval, and of *Chaos* old!
 Before her, *Fancy's* gilded clouds decay,
 And all its varying Rain-bows die away.
Wit shoots in vain its momentary fires,
 The meteor drops, and in a flash expires.
 As one by one, at dread *Medea's* strain,
 The sick'ning stars fade off th'ethereal plain;
 As *Argus' eyes*, by *Hermes' wand* oppress,
 Clos'd one by one to everlasting rest;

IMITATIONS.

Ver. 621. *Relate who first, who last resign'd to rest;
 Whose heads she partly, whose completely blest.]*

“ *Quem telo primum, quem postremum aspera
 “ Virgo*

“ *Dejicis? aut quot humi, morientia corpora fundis?*
 VIRG.

Ver. 637. *As Argus' eyes, &c.]*

“ *Et quamvis sopor est oculorum parte receptus,*

Thus at her felt approach, and secret might,
Art after *Art* goes out, and all is Night :
 See skulking *Truth* to her old cavern fled,
 Mountains of *Casuistry* heap'd o'er her head !
Philosophy, that lean'd on Heaven before,
 Shrinks to her second cause, and is no more.
Physic of *Metaphysic* begs defence,
 And *Metaphysic* calls for aid on *Sense* !
 See *Mystery* to *Mathematics* fly !
 In vain ! they gaze, turn giddy, rave, and die.
Religion blushing veils her sacred fires,
 And unawares *Morality* expires.
 Nor *public* Flame, nor *private*, dares to shine ;
 Nor *human* Spark is left, nor Glimpse *divine* !
 Lo ! thy dread Empire, Chaos ! is restor'd,
 Light dies before thy uncreating word :
 Thy hand, great Anarch ! lets the curtain fall ;
 And universal Darkness buries All.

VARIATIONS.

Ver. 643. in the former Edition it stood thus,
Philosophy, that reach'd the Heavens *before*,
 Shrinks to her hidden cause, *and is no more*.

IMITATIONS.

“ Parte tamen vigilat——

“ —Vidit Cyllenius omnes

“ Succubuisse oculos, &c.

Ovid. Met. ii.

THE END OF THE FOURTH BOOK.

THE PUNISHMENT

It is a story of a man who has been punished for a crime which he did not commit.

The story is told in a simple and direct manner, and is full of interest and pathos.

The author has done his best to make the story as true and as convincing as possible.

It is a story which will interest and move every reader who takes the trouble to read it.

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A P P E N D I X.

I.

P R E F A C E

Prefixed to the five first imperfect Editions of the
DUNCIAD, in three books, printed at DUBLIN
and LONDON, in octavo and duodecimo, 1727.

The PUBLISHER ¹ to the READER.

[T will be found a true observation, tho' somewhat
surprizing, that when any scandal is vented against
a man of the highest distinction and character, either
in the state or literature, the public in general afford
it a most quiet reception; and the larger part accept
it as favourably as if it were some kindness done to
themselves: whereas if a known scoundrel or block-
head but chance to be touched upon, a whole legion

¹ *The Publisher*] Who he was is uncertain; but Edward Ward tells us, in his preface to *Durgen*, "that
"most judges are of opinion this preface is not of
"English extraction, but Hibernian." &c. He means
it was written by Dr. Swift, who, whether publisher
or not, may be said in a sort to be the author of the
poem. For when he, together with Mr. Pope (for
reasons specified in the preface to their *Miscellanies*)
determined to own the most trifling pieces in which

is up in arms, and it becomes the common cause of all scribblers, booksellers, and printers whatsoever.

Not to search too deeply into the reason hereof, I

they had any hand, and to destroy all that remained in their power; the first sketch of this poem was snatched from the fire by Dr. Swift, who persuaded his friend to proceed in it, and to him it was therefore inscribed. But the occasion of printing it was as follows:

There was published in those Miscellanies, a Treatise of the Bathos, or Art of Sinking in Poetry, in which was a chapter, where the species of bad writers were ranged in classes, and initial letters of names prefixed, for the most part at random. But such was the Number of Poets eminent in that art, that some one or other took every letter to himself. All fell into so violent a fury, that for half a year, or more, the common News-papers (in most of which they had some property, as being hired writers) were filled with the most abusive falsehoods and scurrilities they could possibly devise; a liberty no ways to be wondered at in those people, and in those papers, that, for many years, during the uncontrolled Licence of the press, had aspersed almost all the great characters of the age; and this with impunity, their own persons and names being utterly secret and obscure. This gave Mr. Pope the thought, that he had now some opportunity of doing good, by detecting and dragging into light these common enemies of mankind; since to in-

will only observe as a fact, that every week for these two months past, the town has been persecuted with pamphlets, advertisements, letters, and weekly essays, not only against the wit and writings, but against the character and person of Mr. Pope. And that of all those men who have received pleasure from his works, which by modest computation may be about a hundred thousand in these kingdoms of England

validate this universal slander, it sufficed to shew what contemptible men were the authors of it. He was not without hopes, that by manifesting the dulness of those who had only malice to recommend them, either the booksellers would not find their account in employing them, or the men themselves, when discovered, want courage to proceed on so unlawful an occupation. This it was that gave birth to the Dunciad; and he thought it an happiness, that by the late flood of slander on himself, he had acquired such a peculiar right over their names as was necessary to his design.

² *pamphlets, advertisements, &c.*] See the List of those anonymous papers, with their dates and authors annexed, in the third article of this Appendix.

³ *about a hundred thousand*] It is surprising with what stupidity this preface, which is almost a continued irony, was taken by those authors. All such passages as these were understood by Curl, Cook, Cibber, and others, to be serious. Hear the Laureate (Letter to Mr. Pope, p. 9.) “ Tho’ I grant the Dunciad a better

and Ireland; (not to mention Jersey, Guernsey, the Orcades, those in the new world, and foreigners who have translated him into their languages) of all this number not a man hath stood up to say one word in his defence.

The only exception is the ⁴ author of the following poem, who doubtless had either a better insight into the grounds of this clamour, or a better opinion of Mr. Pope's integrity, join'd with a greater personal love for him, than any other of his numerous friends and admirers.

Farther, that he was in his peculiar intimacy, appears from the knowledge he manifests of the most private authors of all the anonymous pieces against him, and from his having in his poem attacked ⁵ no man living, who had not before printed, or published, some scandal against this Gentleman.

" poem of its kind than ever was writ; yet, when I
 " read it with those *vain-glorious* encumbrances of
 " Notes and remarks upon it, &c.—It is amazing,
 " that you, who have writ with such masterly spirit
 " upon the ruling passion, should be so blind a slave
 " to your own, as not to see how far a *low Avarice* of
 " Praise," &c.—(taking it for granted that the notes
 of Scriblerus and others, were the author's own.)

⁴ *The author of the following poem, &c.] A very plain Irony, speaking of Mr. Pope himself.*

⁵ The Publisher in these words went a little too

How I came possess'd of it, is of no concern to the reader; but it would have been a wrong to him had I detain'd the publication: since those names which are his chief ornaments die off daily so fast, as must render it too soon unintelligible. If it provoke the author to give us a more perfect edition, I have my end.

Who he is, I cannot say, and (which is a great pity) there ⁶ is certainly nothing in his style and manner of writing, which can distinguish or discover him: For if it bears any resemblance to that of Mr. Pope, 'tis not improbable but it might be done on purpose, with a view to have it pass for his. But by the frequency of his allusions to Virgil, and a laboured (not to say affected) *shortness* in imitation of him, I should think him more an admirer of the Roman Poet than of the Grecian, and in that not of the same taste with his Friend.

I have been well informed, that this work was the

far; but it is certain, whatever names the reader finds that are unknown to him, are of such; and the exception is only of two or three, whose dulness, impudent severity, or self-conceit, all mankind agree to have justly entitled them to a place in the Dunciad.

⁶ *There is certainly nothing in his style, &c.*] This liberty had small effect in concealing the author. The Dunciad, imperfect as it was, had not been published two days, but the whole town gave it to Mr. Pope.

labour of full six ⁷ years of his life, and that he wholly retired himself from all the avocations and pleasures of the world, to attend diligently to its correction and perfection; and six years more he intended to bestow on it, as should seem by this verse of Statius, which was cited at the head of his manuscript.

O mihi bis senos multum vigilata per annos,

Duncia! ⁸

Hence also we learn the true title of the poem; which

⁷ *The labour of full six years, &c.*] This also was honestly and seriously believed by divers gentlemen of the Dunciad. J. Ralph, pref. to Sawney. "We are told it was the labour of six years, with the utmost assiduity and application: It is no great compliment to the author's sense, to have employed so large a part of his life," &c. So also Ward, pref. to Duncingen, "The Dunciad, as the publisher very wisely confesses, cost the author six years retirement from all the pleasures of life; though it is somewhat difficult to conceive, from either its bulk or beauty, that it could be so long a hatching." &c. But the length of time and closeness of application were mentioned to prepossess the reader with a good opinion of it.

They just as well understood what Scriblerus said of the poem.

⁸ The prefacer to Curl's key, p. 3. took this word to be really in Statius: "By a quibble on the word *Duncia*, the *Dunciad* is formed." Mr. Ward also follows him in the same opinion.

with the same certainty as we call that of Homer the Iliad, of Virgil the Æneid, of Camoens the Lusiad, we may pronounce, could have been, and can be no other than

The D U N C I A D.

It is styled *Heroic*, as being doubly so; not only with respect to its nature, which according to the best rules of the ancients, and strictest ideas of the moderns, is critically such; but also with regard to the heroical disposition and high courage of the writer, who dar'd to stir up such a formidable, irritable, and implacable race of mortals.

There may arise some obscurity in chronology from the Names in the poem, by the inevitable removal of some authors, and insertion of others, in their niches. For whoever will consider the unity of the whole design, will be sensible, that the poem was not made for these authors, but these authors for the poem. I should judge that they were clapp'd in as they rose, fresh and fresh, and chang'd from day to day; in like manner as when the old boughs wither, we thrust new ones into a chimney.

I would not have the reader too much troubled or anxious, if he cannot decypher them; since when he shall have found them out, he will probably know no more of the persons than before.

Yet we judg'd it better to preserve them as they are, than to change them for fictitious names; by which the satire would only be multiplied, and applied to many instead of one. Had the hero, for instance,

been called Codrus, how many would have affirmed him to have been Mr. T. Mr. E. Sir R. B. &c. but now all that unjust scandal is saved by calling him by a name, which by good luck happens to be that of a real person.

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II.

ADVERTISEMENT

To the FIRST EDITION with notes, in Quarto,

1729.

It will be sufficient to say of this edition, that the reader has here a much more correct and complete copy of the DUNCIAD, than has hitherto appeared. I cannot answer but some mistakes may have slipped into it, but a vast number of others will be prevented by the names being now not only set at length, but justified by the authorities and reasons given. I make no doubt, the author's own motive to use real rather than feign'd names, was his care to preserve the innocent from any false application; whereas in the former editions, which had no more than the initial letters, he was made, by keys printed here, to hurt the inoffensive; and (what was worse) to abuse his friends, by an impression at Dublin.

The commentary which attends this poem was sent me from several hands, and consequently must be unequally written; yet will have one advantage over most commentaries, that it is not made upon conjectures, or at a remote distance of time: And the reader cannot but derive one pleasure from the very *Obscurity* of the persons it treats of, that it partakes of the nature of a *Secret*, which most people love to be let into, tho'

the men or the things be ever so inconsiderable or trivial.

Of the *Persons* it was judged proper to give some account: for since it is only in this monument that they must expect to survive (and here survive they will, as long as the English tongue shall remain such as it was in the reigns of Queen ANNE and King GEORGE,) it seemed but humanity to bestow a word or two upon each, just to tell what he was, what he writ, when he lived, and when he died.

If a word or two more are added upon the chief offenders, 'tis only as a paper pinned upon the breast, to mark the enormities for which they suffered; lest the correction only should be remembered, and the crime forgotten.

In some articles it was thought sufficient, barely to transcribe from Jacob, Carl, and other writers of their own rank, who were much better acquainted with them than any of the authors of this comment can pretend to be. Most of them had drawn each other's characters on certain occasions; but the few here inserted are all that could be saved from the general destruction of such works.

Of the part of *Scriblers* I need say nothing; his manner is well enough known, and approved by all but those who are too much concerned to be judges.

The imitations of the *Ancients* are added, to gratify those who either never read, or may have forgotten them; together with some of the parodies and allusions to the most excellent of the *Moderns*. If, from

frequency of the former, any man think the poem too much a cento, our poet will but appear to have done the same thing in jest which Boileau did in earnest; and upon which Vida, Fracastorius, and many of the most eminent Latin poets, professedly valued themselves.

P 3

HI.

A LIST OF

BOOKS, PAPERS, AND VERSES,

- In which our Author was abused, before the Publication of the DUNCIAD; with the true Names of the Authors.

REFLECTIONS critical and satirical on a late Rhapsody, called, an Essay on Criticism. by Mr. Dennis, printed by B. Lintot, price 6*d*.

A New Rehearsal, or Bays the younger; containing an Examen of Mr. Rowe's plays, and a word or two on Mr. Pope's Rape of the Lock. Anon. [by Charles Gildon] printed for J. Roberts, 1714, price 1*s*.

Homerides, or a Letter to Mr. Pope, occasioned by his intended translation of Homer. By Sir Iliad Dogrel. [Tho. Burnet and G. Duckett esquires] printed for W. Wilkins, 1715, price 9*d*.

Æsop at the Bear-garden; a vision, in imitation of the Temple of Fame, by Mr. Preston. Sold by John Morphew, 1715, price 6*d*.

The Catholic Poet, or Protestant Barnaby's Sorrowful Lamentation; a Ballad about Homer's Iliad. By Mrs. Centlivre, and others, 1715, price 1*d*.

An Epilogue to a Puppet-show at Bath, concerning the said Iliad. By George Duckett Esq. printed by E. Carl.

A complete Key to the What d'ye call it. Anon. [by Griffin a player, supervised by Mr. Th—] printed by J. Roberts, 1715.

A true Character of Mr. P. and his writings, in a letter to a Friend, Anon. [Dennis] printed for S. Popping 1716, price 3d.

The Confederates, a Farce. By Joseph Gay [J. D. Breval,] printed for R. Burleigh 1717, price 1s.

Remarks upon Mr. Pope's translation of Homer, with two Letters concerning the Windsor Forest and the Temple of Fame. By Mr. Dennis. Printed for E. Curll, 1717, price 1s, 6d.

Satires on the Translators of Homer, Mr P. and Mr. T. Anon. Bez. Morris, 1717, price 6d.

The Triumvirate, or a Letter from Palaemon to Celia at Bath. Anon. [Leonard Welsted] 1718, price 1s Folio.

The Battle of Poets, an Heroic Poem. By Tho. Cooke. Printed for J. Roberts, Folio, 1725.

Memoirs of Lilliput, Anon. [Mrs. Elizabeth Heywood] octavo, printed 1727.

An Essay on Criticism, in Prose, by the Author of the Critical History of England [J. Oldmixon] octavo, printed 1728.

Gulliveriana, and Alexandriana. With an ample Preface and Critique on Swift's and Pope's Miscellanies. By Jonathan Smedley. Printed by J. Roberts octavo, 1728.

Characters of the Times; or an account of the writings, characters, &c. of several gentlemen libelled, by S—and P—, in a late Miscellany, octvao, 1728.

Remarks on Mr. Pope's Rape of the Lock, in letters to a friend. By Mr. Dennis; written in 1724, though not printed till 1728, octavo.

Verses, Letters, Essays, or Advertisements, in the public Prints.

British Journal, Nov. 25. 1727. A Letter on Swift and Pope's Miscellanies. [Writ by M. Concanen.]

Daily Journal, March 18, 1728. A letter by Philomauri. James-Moore Smith.

Id. March 29. A Letter about Thermites; accusing the author of disaffection to the Government. By James-Moore Smith.

Mist's Weekly Journal, March 30. An Essay on the Arts of a Poet's sinking in reputation; or, a Supplement to the Art of sinking in Poetry. [Supposed by Mr. Theobald.]

Daily Journal, April 3. A Letter under the name of Philoditto. by James-Moore Smith.

Flying Post, April 4. A Letter against Gulliver and Mr. P. [By Mr. Oldmixon.]

Daily Journal, April 5. An Auction of Goods at Twickenham. By James-Moore Smith.

The Flying Post, April 6. A Fragment of a Treatise upon Swift and Pope. By Mr. Oldmixon.

The Senator, April 9. On the same. By Edward Roome.

Daily Journal, April 8. Advertisement by James-Moore-Smith.

Flying Post, April 13. Verses against Dr. Swift, and against Mr. P—'s Homer. By J. Oldmixon.

Daily Journal, April 23. Letter about the translation of the Character of Therfites in Homer. By Thomas Cooke, &c.

Mist's weekly Journal, April, 27. A letter of Lewis Theobald.

Daily Journal, May 11. A Letter against Mr. P. at large. Anon. [John Dennis.]

All these were afterwards re-printed in a pamphlet, entitled, A Collection of all the Verses, Essays, Letters, and Advertisements occasioned by Mr. Pope and Swift's Miscellanies, prefaced by Concanen, Anonymous, octavo, and printed for A. Moore, 1728, price 1s. Others of an elder date, having lain as waste Paper many years, were, upon the publication of the Dunciad, brought out, and their Authors betray'd by the mercenary Booksellers (in hopes of some possibility of vending a few) by advertising them in this manner.—“The Confederates. a farce, By Capt. Brieval (for which he was put into the Dunciad.) an Epilogue to Powel's Puppet-show. By Col. Duckett (for which he was put into the Dunciad.) Essays, &c. By Sir Richard Blackmore. (N. B. It was for a passage of this Book that Sir Richard was put into the Dunciad.)” And so of others.

After the Dunciad, 1728.

An Essay on the Dunciad. Octavo, printed for J. Roberts. [In this book, p. 9. It was formally decla-

red, "That the complaint of the aforesaid Libels and
 "Advertisements was forged and untrue: that all
 "mouths had been silent, except in Mr. Pope's praise;
 "and nothing against him published, but by Mr. The-
 "obald."]

Sawney, in blank verse, occasioned by the Dunciad;
 with a Critique on that poem. By J. Ralph [a person
 never mentioned in it at first, but inserted after] print-
 ed for J. Roberts, octavo.

A compleat Key to the Dunciad. By E. Curl,
 12mo. price 6d.

A second and third edition of the same, with addi-
 tions, 12mo.

The Popiad. By E. Curl, extracted from J. Den-
 nis, Sir Richard Blackmore, &c. 12mo. price 6d.

The Curliad. By the same E. Curl.

The Female Dunciad. Collected by the same Mr.
 Curl, 12mo. price 6d. With the Metamorphosis of
 P. into a stinging Nettle. By Mr. Foxton, 12mo.

The Metamorphosis of Scriblerus into Snarlerus.
 By J. Smedley, printed for A Moore, folio, price 6d.

The Dunciad dissected. By Curl and Mrs. Thomas,
 12mo.

An Essay on the Taste and Writings of the present
 Times. Said to be writ by a Gentleman of C. C. C.
 Oxon, printed for J. Roberts, octavo.

The Arts of Logic and Rhetoric, partly taken from
 Bouhours, with new Reflections, &c. By John Old-
 mixon, octavo.

Remarks on the Dunciad. By Mr. Dennis, dedicat-
 ed to Theobald, octavo.

A Supplement to the Profund, Anon. By Matthew Concanen, octavo.

Mist's weekly Journal, June 8. A long letter, sign'd W. A. Writ by some or other of the club of Theobald, Dennis, Moore, Concanen, Cooke, who for some time held constant weekly meetings for these kind of performances.

Daily Journal, June 11. A Letter sign'd for Philobriberus, on the name of Pope. — Letter to Mr. Theobald, in verse, signed B. M. [Bezaleel Morris] against Mr. P—. Many other little epigrams about this time in the same papers, by James Moore, and others.

Mist's Journal, June 22. A Letter by Lewis Theobald.

Flying Post, Aug. 8. Letter on Pope and Swift.

Daily Journal, Aug. 8. Letter, charging the Author of the Dunciad with Treason.

Durgen : A plain satire on a pompous satirist. By Edward Ward, with a little of James Moore.

Apollo's Maggot in his Cups. By E. Ward.

Gulliveriana secunda. Being a Collection of many the Libels in the News-papers, like the former Volume, under the same title, by Smedley. Advertised in the Craftsman, Nov. 9. 1728, with this remarkable promise, that "*any thing which any body should send as Mr. Pope's, or Dr. Swift's, should be inserted and published as theirs.*"

Pope Alexander's supremacy and infallibility exa-

mined, &c. By George Duckett, and John Dennis, quarto.

Dean Jonathan's Paraphrase on the iv. chapter of Genesis. Writ by E. Roome, folio, 1729.

Labco. A paper of verses by Leonard Welsted, which after came into *One Epistle*, and was published by James Moore, quarto, 1730. Another part of it came out in Welsted's own name, under the just title of *Dulness and Scandal*, folio, 1731.

There have been since published,
Verses on the Imitator of Horace. By a Lady [or between a Lady, a Lord, and a Court-'Squire.] Printed for J. Roberts, folio.

An Epistle from a Nobleman to a Doctor of Divinity, from Hampton-court [Lord H——y.] Printed for J. Roberts also, folio.

A Letter from Mr. Cibber to Mr. Pope. Printed for W. Lewis in Covent-Garden, octavo.

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O F

Mr. DRYDEN and Mr. POPE,

As drawn by certain of their Contemporaries.

Mr. D R Y D E N.

HIS POLITICS, RELIGION, MORALS.

MR. Dryden is a mere renegado from monarchy, poetry, and good sense ¹. A true republican son of monarchical Church ². A republican Atheist ³. Dryden was from the beginning an ἀλλοπρόσβαλος, and I doubt not will continue so to the last ⁴.

In the Poem called *Absalom* and *Achitophel* are notoriously traduced, The KING, the QUEEN, the LORDS and GENTLEMEN, not only their honourable

¹ Milbourn on Dryden's Virgil, 8vo, 1698. p. 6.

² Page 38.

³ Page 192.

⁴ Page 8.

IV.

A

P A R A L L E L

O F T H E

S C H A R A C T E R S

O F

Mr. POPE and Mr. DRYDEN,

As drawn by certain of their Contemporaries.

Mr. P O P E,

HIS POLITICS, RELIGION, MORALS.

MR. Pope is an open and mortal enemy to his country and the commonwealth of learning ¹. Some call him a popish whig, which is directly inconsistent ². Pope, as a Papist, must be a tory and a high flyer ³. He is both whig and tory ⁴.

He hath made it his custom to cackle to more than one party in their own sentiments ⁵.

In his Miscellanies, the Persons abused are, The

¹ Dennis Rem. on the Rape of the Lock, pref. p. xii.

² Dunciad dissected.

³ Pref. to Gulliveriana.

⁴ Dennis, Character of Mr. P.

⁵ Theobald, Letter in Mist's Journal, June 22, 1728.

persons expos'd, but the whole NATION and its REPRESENTATIVES notoriously libell'd. It is *scandalum magnatum*, yea of MAJESTY itself⁵.

He looks upon God's Gospel as a foolish fable, like the Pope, to whom he is a pitiful purveyor⁶. His very Christianity may be questioned⁷. He ought to expect more severity than other men, as he is most unmerciful in his own reflections on others⁸. With as good a right as his Holiness, he sets up for poetical infallibility.⁹

Mr. DRYDEN only a Versifier.

His whole Libel is all bad matter, beautified (which is all that can be said of it) with good metre¹⁰. Mr. Dryden's genius did not appear in any thing more than his Versification, and whether he is to be ennobled for that only, is a question¹¹.

Mr. DRYDEN'S VIRGIL.

Tonson calls it *Dryden's Virgil*, to shew that this is not that Virgil so admir'd in the Augustan age; but a Virgil of another stamp, a silly, impertinent, nonsensical writer. None but a Bavius, a Maevius, or a Bathyllus carp'd at Virgil¹²; and none but such un-

⁵ Whip and Key, 4to, printed for R. Janeway, 1681. Pref.

⁶ Ibid.

⁷ Milbourn, p. 9.

⁸ Ibid. p. 175.

⁹ Page 39.

¹⁰ Whip and Key, Pref.

¹¹ Old-

mixon, Essay on Crit. p. 84.

¹² Milbourn, p. 2.

KING, the QUEEN, His late MAJESTY, hoth Houses of PARLIAMENT, the Privy-Council, the Bench of BISHOPS, the established CHURCH, the present MINISTRY, &c. To make Sense of some passages, they must be construed into ROYAL SCANDAL ⁵.

He is a Popish Rhymster, bred up with a contempt of the Sacred Writings ⁶. His religion allows him to destroy Heretics, not only with his pen, but with fire and sword; and such were all those unhappy wits whom he sacrificed to his accursed Popish Principles ⁷. It deserved Vengeance to suggest, that Mr. Pope had less Infallibility than his Namesake at Rome ⁸.

Mr. P O P E only a Versifier.

The smooth numbers of the Dunciad are all that recommend it, nor has it any other merit ⁹. It must be owned that he hath got a notable knack of rhyming and writing smooth verse ⁰.

Mr. P O P E's HOMER.

The Homer which Lintot prints, does not talk like Homer, but like Pope; and he who translated him, one would swear, had a hill in Tipperary for his Parnassus, and a puddle in some Bog for his Hippo-

⁵ List, at the End of a Collection of Verses, Letters, Advertisements, 8vo. Printed for A. Moore, 1728, and the Preface to it, p. 6.

⁶ Dennis's Remarks on Homer, p. 27. ⁷ Preface to Gulliveriana, p. 11.

⁸ Dedication to the Collection of Verses, Letters, &c.

p. 9. ⁹ Mist's Journal of June 8, 1728. ⁰ Character of Mr. P. and Dennis on Homer.

thinking Vermin admire his Translator ³. It is true, soft and easy lines might become Ovid's Epistles or Art of Love—But Virgil, who is all great and majestic, &c. requires strength of lines, weight of words, and closeness of expressions; not an ambling Muse running on Carpet-ground, and shod as lightly as a Newmarket racer.—He has numberless faults in his Author's meaning, and in propriety of expression ⁴.

Mr. DRYDEN understood no Greek nor Latin.

Mr. Dryden was once, I have heard, at Westminster school: Dr. Busby would have whipt him for so childish a Paraphrase ⁵. The meanest Pedant in England would whip a Lubber of twelve for construing so absurdly ⁶. The Translator is mad, every line betrays his Stupidity. ⁷ The faults are innumerable, and convince me that Mr. Dryden did not, or would not, understand his Author ⁸. This shews how fit Mr. D. may be to translate *Homer*! A mistake in a single letter might fall on the Printer well enough, but *ειχαρ* for *ιχαρ* must be the error of the Author: Nor had he art enough to correct it at the Press ⁹. Mr. Dryden writes for the Court Ladies—He writes for the Ladies, and not for use ⁰.

The Translator puts in a little Burlesque now and then into Virgil for a ragout to his cheated subscribers. ¹

³ Milbourn, page 35. ⁴ Pages 12, and 192. ⁵ Page 71. ⁶ Page 103. ⁷ Page 78. ⁸ Page 106.

⁹ Page 19. ⁰ Pages 144, 190. ¹ Page 67.

crene ¹. He has no Admirers among those that can distinguish, discern, and judge ².

He hath a knack at smooth verse, but without either Genius or good Sense, or any tolerable knowledge of English. The qualities which distinguish Homer are the beauties of his Diction and the Harmony of his Versification—But this little author, who is so much in vogue, has neither Sense in his Thoughts, nor English in his Expressions ³.

Mr. POPE understood no Greek.

He hath undertaken to translate Homer from the Greek, of which he knows not one word, into English, of which he understands as little ⁴. I wonder how this Gentleman would look, should it be discovered, that he has not translated ten verses together in any book of Homer with justice to the Poet, and yet he dares reproach his fellow-writers with not understanding Greek ⁵. He has stuck so little to his Original as to have his knowledge in Greek called in question. ⁶ I should be glad to know which it is of all Homer's Excellencies which has so delighted the Ladies, and the Gentlemen who judge like Ladies ⁷.

But he has a notable talent at Burlesque; his ge-

¹ Dennis' Rem. on Pope's Hom. p. 12. ² Dennis's Rem. on Pope's Homer, p. 14. ³ Character of Mr. P. p. 17. and Rem. on Hom. p. 91. ⁴ Dennis's Rem. on Hom. p. 12. ⁵ Daily Jour. April 23, 1728. ⁶ Suppl. to the Profund, pref. ⁷ Oldmixon, Essay on Criticism, p. 66.

Mr. DRYDEN trick'd his Subscribers.

I wonder that any man, who could not but be conscious of his own unfitness for it, should go to amuse the learned world with such an undertaking! A man ought to value his Reputation more than Money; and not to hope that those who can read for themselves, will be imposed upon, merely by a partially and unseasonably celebrated Name ¹. *Poetis quidlibet audendi* shall be Mr. Dryden's Motto, though it should extend to picking of pockets ².

Names bestowed on Mr. DRYDEN.

AN APE.] A crafty Ape dress'd up in a gawdy gown — Whips put into an Ape's paw, to play pranks with — None but Apish and Papish brats will heed him ³.

AN ASS.] A camel will take upon him no more burden than is sufficient for his strength, but there is another beast that crouches under all ⁴.

A FROG.] Poet Squab endued with Poet Maro's Spirit! an ugly, croaking kind of Vermin, which would swell to the bulk of an Ox ⁵.

A COWARD.] A Clinias or Damaetas or a man of Mr. Dryden's own courage ⁶.

A KNAVE.] Mr. Dryden has heard of Paul, the Knave of Jesus Christ: And if I mistake not, I've read somewhere, of John Dryden, Servant to his majesty ⁷.

A FOOL.] Had he not been such a self-conceited

¹ Milb. p. 192. ² Page 125. ³ Whip and Key, pref.

⁴ Milb. p. 105. ⁵ P. 11. ⁶ P. 176. ⁷ P. 57.

nins slides so naturally into it, that he hath burlesqued Homer without designing it ⁸.

Mr. POPE trick'd his Subscribers.

'Tis indeed somewhat bold, and almost prodigious, for a single man to undertake such a work: But 'tis too late to dissuade by demonstrating the madness of the Project. The Subscribers expectations have been raised in proportion to what their Pockets have been drained of ⁹. Pope has been concerned in Jobbs, and hired out his Name to Booksellers ¹.

Names bestowed on Mr. POPE.

AN APE.] Let us take the initial letter of his Christian name, and initial and final letters of his surname, viz. A P E, and they give you the same idea of an Ape as his Face ², &c.

AN ASS.] It is my duty to pull off the Lion's skin from this little Afs ³.

A FROG.] A squab short Gentleman—a little creature that, like the Frog in the Fable, swells, and is angry that it is not allowed to be as big as an Ox ⁴.

A COWARD.] A lurking, way-laying coward ⁵.

A KNAVE.] He is one whom God and nature have marked for want of common honesty ⁶.

⁸ Dennis's Rem. p. 28. ⁹ Homerides, p. 1. &c.

¹ British Journal, Nov. 25, 1727. ² Dennis, Daily Journal, May 11. 1728. ³ Dennis's Rem. on Hom. pref. ⁴ Dennis's Rem. on the Rape of the Lock, preface, p. 9. ⁵ Char. of Mr. P. page 3. ⁶ Ibid.

Fool ⁸.—Some great Poets are positive Blockheads ⁹.
A THING.] So little a thing as Mr. Dryden ¹.

¹ Whip and Key, preface.

⁹ Milb. p. 34.

² Ibid. p. 35.

9. A FOOL.] Great Fools will be christened by the names of great Poets, and Pope will be called Homer ⁸.

A THING.] A little abject Thing ⁸.

⁷ Dennis Rem. on Homer, p. 37. ⁸ Ibid. p. 8.

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